

Marison's Edition



W. Allan del.
Sir William Wallace.

Marison's Edition



W. Allan del.
Sir William Wallace.

YE
ACTIS AND DEIDIS
OF YE
ILLUSTER
AND
VAILZEAND CAMPIOUN,
SHYR WILHAM WALLACE,
KNYCHT OFF ELRISLE.

JESU SALVATOR EX JUS. MIHI EXPONERE
AD FINEM DIGNUM PREDICT. LIBRUM ATQUE BENIGNUM.

P E R T H :

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1790.

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THE
METRICAL HISTORY
OF
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE,
KNIGHT OF ELLERSLIE,
BY
HENRY,
COMMONLY CALLED
BLIND HARRY:

CAREFULLY TRANSCRIBED FROM THE M. S. COPY
OF THAT WORK, IN THE
ADVOCATES' LIBRARY,
UNDER THE EYE OF THE
EARL OF BUCHAN.

AND NOW PRINTED FOR THE FIRST TIME,
ACCORDING TO THE ANCIENT AND TRUE ORTHOGRAPHY,
WITH NOTES AND DISSERTATIONS.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

" A! Fredome is a nobill thing!
" Fredome maks a man to have lykinge,
" Fredome all solace to men gives,
" He lives at ese that freely lives!

BARBOUR'S BRUS.

P E R T H:
PRINTED BY R. MORISON JUNIOR,
FOR R. MORISON AND SON, BOOKSELLERS; PERTH.
M,DCC,XC.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
DAVID STEWART
EARL of BUCHAN, LORD AUCHTERHOUSE,
CARDROSS, &c.

FOUNDER AND FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY
OF ANTIQUARIES AT EDINBURGH, AND ONE OF THE
PRESIDENTS OF THE LITERARY AND ANTIQUARIAN SO-
CIETY AT PERTH.

MY LORD,

WE are happy in being permitted to
Dedicate our Edition of Henry's Life of Wallace
to Your Lordship. Your exertions in promoting
Literature, and Public Spirit, claim the Grati-
tude of every well-wisher to his Country.

We acknowledge our obligations for the coun-
tenance Your Lordship has all along given us in
our plan of publishing the SCOTISH POETS:

Particularly, for the trouble Your Lordship
has taken, in procuring for us a Copy of the va-
a luable

D I D I C A T I O N.

luable Manuscript of Henry's Life of Wallace, in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh; in comparing the Copy with the Original; in suggesting to us Directions concerning its Publication; and in favouring us with a Portrait of Wallace, which we have caused to be engraved, and prefixed to our present Edition of his Life.

We have the honour to be,

With Gratitude and Respect,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

most obedient,

and most humble servants,

PERTH, September }
1, 1790. }

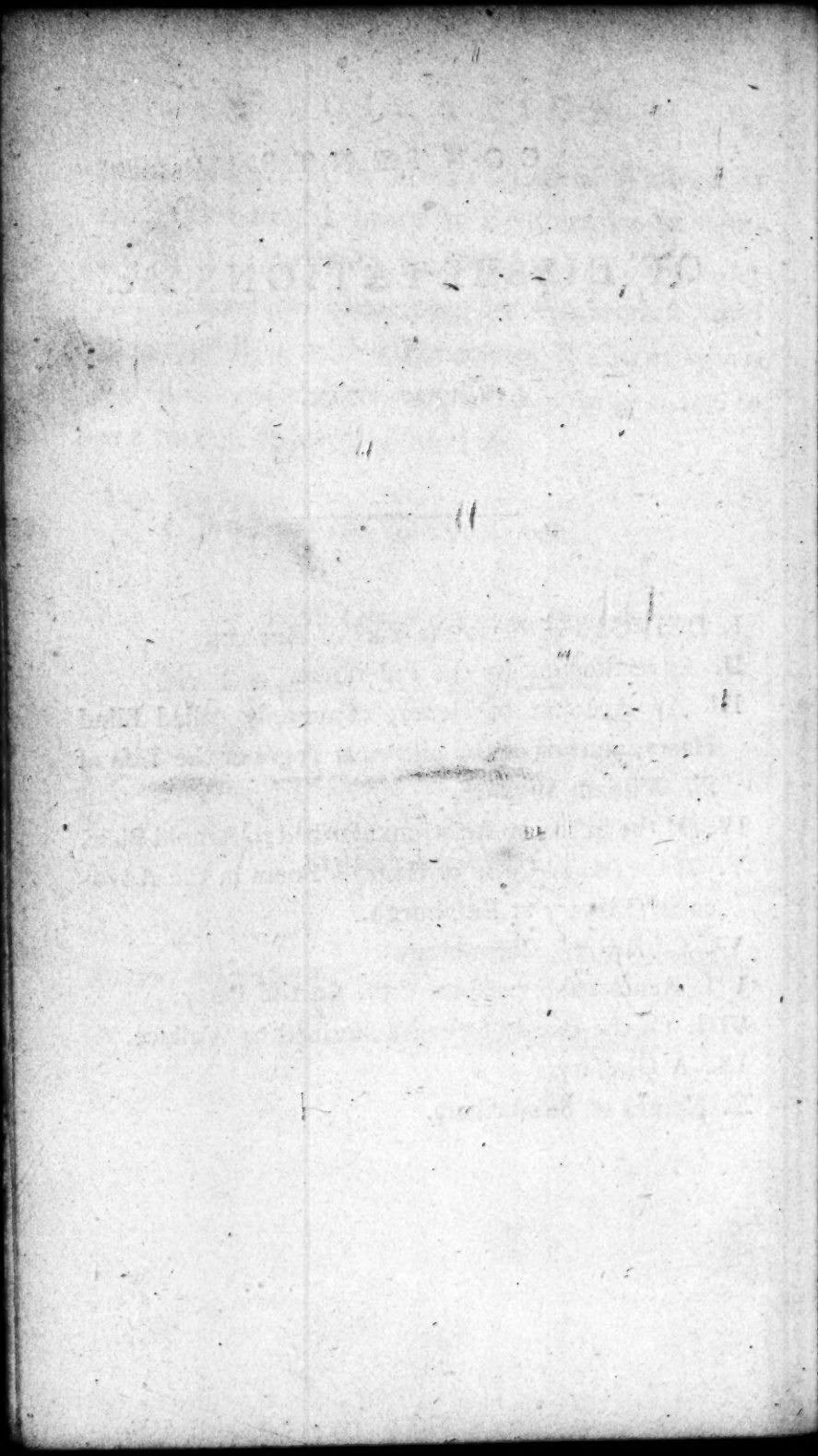
The Publishers.

C O N T E N T S

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FOR the account given of Henry, and for the other Dissertations and Notes, the Publishers are obliged to the same Gentleman who formerly favoured them with the Life of Gavin Douglas. The originals are deposited with the Literary and Antiquarian Society at Perth.

HAVING come under a promise to give their present Edition of Henry's Life of Sir William Wallace, in an exact conformity to the Manuscript Copy in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, they could not admit the Sections of the Books into Chapters, which have hitherto taken place in the printed copies; nor follow any other division of the Poem into Books, than is found in that Manuscript.

They are obliged to Mr Pinkerton for the Arguments which they have prefixed to the Books, and have only taken the liberty of altering the orthography of some of his words, with a view to make the Poem as intelligible as possible to an English Reader.

He also pointed out how the division of the Poem into Books might be altered to the better. They think themselves bound to give to the Public, the following Plan of the alteration he proposes.

Book first, to contain what are now the first two Books.

Book second, to begin B. 3. Verse 1.

Book third, to begin, B. 4. V. 699. "To Elcho Park."

Book fourth, to begin, B. 7. V. 515.

Book fifth, to begin, B. 7. V. 1.

Book sixth, to begin, B. 7. V. 515. "When Wallace' men."

Book seventh, to begin, B. 8. V. 207. "The brim battle."

Book eighth, to begin, B. 8. V. 1180. "The merry day."

Book ninth, to begin, B. 9. V. 426. "There thirty days."

Book tenth, to begin, B. 9. V. 1372. "Wallace himself."

Book eleventh, to begin, B. 10. V. 1.

Book twelfth, to begin, B. 11. V. 1.

ERRATA

In the following account of Henry.

Page 13. L. 26. 574. r. 579.

15. L. 25. Nation is enslaved. r. nation again
is enslaved.

17. L. 26. 807. r. 893.

20. L. 3. Non Liber. r. Liber Non.

AN ACCOUNT
OF
HENRY,
COMMONLY CALLED
BLIND HARRY,
AUTHOR OF THE HISTORICAL POEM OF THE LIFE OF
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

IT may seem to some persons unnecessary to take any trouble in giving an account of this author. His work has been condemned by writers of respectable character. They have represented it as an attempt to impose upon the world a fictitious relation, instead of a true history.

Others, who perused his work with pleasure in their early years, when they were apt to believe every thing, shew remains of their former attachment, and are disposed to consider any disparaging expression concerning him as a kind of treason committed against their country.

No book has been more popular in any country, than Henry's Life of Wallace was in Scotland for some hundred years. It was read by persons of high rank, who were taught to admire the valour of Wallace. It was thought a fit book to be put into the hands of the

common people : Some now living can remember how the stories it contains were fondly received, and frequently rehearsed by the vulgar.

The Hero, whom Henry celebrates, is universally allowed to have been a brave Patriot : without his vigorous exertions, the effects of which did not cease with his death, his country, in all probability, would irrecoverably have fallen under the power of the Edwards. And there is no doubt that Henry's Book contributed in no small degree, in after times, to maintain among the Scots a Spirit of Independence.

Since the two Kingdoms have been united, the animosities which subsisted between them, and which were detrimental to both, it is to be hoped have for ever subsided. Englishmen can now blame their first Edward for abusing the confidence placed in him by a people, who for near a century had been peaceable neighbours, and were still willing to live with him in the most perfect amity. They can bestow generous praise on the man who felt for the distresses of his country, and set himself, with an unconquerable spirit, to accomplish its deliverance. Impartial justice may now be done to Henry ; and his work, in its native dress, can be reckoned valuable on this, if on no other account, that it affords a curious relic of Scottish Antiquity.

The early literary efforts of a people attract attention, and become respectable in proportion to the character which the people afterwards bear. And it would be unjust to condemn an ancient author, merely because

he

he did not write the the more polished language of an after age.

No surname is known which belonged to Henry. In Charters written later than his time, some persons are mentioned without surnames, being distinguished only by their Patronymicks, or the christian names of their fathers. (1).

It does not certainly appear whether he was descended of honourable, or of Plebeian parents. They rather seem to have been above the vulgar. He discovers some knowledge in Astronomy, in Classical History, in the Latin and French languages, and in Divinity. His education therefore may be said to have been liberal, corresponding to the times: and if we may judge from a passage in his book, in which he appears to boast of his celibacy, he may be supposed to have entered, in a degree consistent with his blindness, into one or other of the Religious Orders.

The date of his book, and consequently the age in which he lived may be exactly ascertained. "In the time of my infancy," says Major, "Henry who was blind from his birth, composed a Book consisting entirely of the Atchievements of William Wallace." (2).

Major was born at North Berwick in East Lothian, in 1446. (3). It was therefore about the year 1446, that Henry wrote, or made public his entire History of Wallace.

Dempster, who wrote in the beginning of the last century, says, that "Henry lived in 1361." (4).

It

It is indeed not impossible that he might be born in or about that year. In the time of Major's infancy, he might be about eighty-three years of age. In that case, it may be supposed to have been the work of his old age to collect, and put in order the detached pieces of his History of Wallace, which he had probably composed in those parts of the country where the incidents were said to have happened.

What Major farther says of him, and of his performance, is as follows. "The particulars which he heard related by the Vulgar, he wrote in the vulgar verse, in which he excelled. But I do not believe every thing that I find in such writings. By reciting his histories before princes or great men, he gained his food and raiment, of which he was worthy." (5).

Thus we learn from Major, that Henry was a kind of travelling Bard. His excursions must have been confined chiefly to the middle, and to the south parts of Scotland, where the language in which he recited was understood. But it does not necessarily follow that he had no other professional character, or that he practised music.

He was no doubt a frequent visiter in the Scottish Court, and would be a welcome guest in those families who wished to hear of the deeds of their ancestors: and if he was one of the Religious Mendicants, the entertainment he received would not be reckoned disgraceful to him.

It was at least fifty-six years after the death of Wallace, who was put to death in 1305, that Henry was born.

born. But it was not too late for his acquiring, if he had pleased, the certain knowledge of many things concerning him by tradition, which he might put into his Book. The actions of Wallace, which had made a deep impresson on the minds of the people of Scotland, must have been well remembered in Henry's time, and in their most material circumstances would be faithfully related.

He seems to have consulted with the chief men of the Kingdom, especially with the descendents of those Patriotic persons who had been the companions of Wallace. Among the rest, he consulted with Wallace of Craigie, and with Liddell of that Ilk, which we learn from what he says in the end of his history, where he confesses that these two gentlemen had persuaded him to omit in his narration a circumstance which he ought to have mentioned.

But he disclaims his having wholly depended for information on any unwritten tradition whatever, and also his having been promised any reward for what he wrote. If his words can be credited, he followed very strictly a Book of great authority, and to which he makes frequent references. This was no other than a complete History of Wallace, written in Latin, partly by Mr John Blair, and partly by Mr Thomas Gray, who had been the companions of Wallace.

He gives the following account of these authors. "They became acquainted with Wallace in his sixteenth year, when Mr John Blair was his fellow student in the school at Dundee. Their acquaintance
with

with him continued till his twenty-ninth year, that is, till the year of his death.

“ Mr John Blair went from the schools in Scotland to Paris, where he studied some time, and received Priest's Orders. He returned to Scotland, in 1296, and soon after entered into the service of Wallace, who was bravely asserting the liberties of his country.

“ Mr Thomas Gray, who was Parson of Libertoun, joined Wallace at the same time.

“ They were men of great wisdom and integrity. They were zealous for the freedom of Scotland ; and were present with Wallace, and assisting to him in most of his military enterprises. They were also his spiritual counsellors, and administered to him Godly comfort.

“ The History written by these two Clergymen, was attested by William Sinclair Bishop of Dunkeld, who had himself seen many of Wallace's actions. The Bishop, if he had lived longer, was to have sent their Book to Rome, for the purpose of its receiving the sanction of the Pope's Authority.”

A lover of history will regret the loss of a Book, from which so much authentic information might have been expected. A lover of Scottish antiquity in particular, would not hesitate to venerate the memory of Henry, if there were any satisfactory evidence of his having faithfully given what was written by these authors.

Dempster speaks of Henry in a more favourable manner than what Major does. “ Henry,” says he, “ who was blind from his birth, was a man of a singular

gular happy genius: He was indeed another Homer. He did great honour to the language of his native country, and raised it above what was common to it in his age. He wrote in the Vernacular Verse, an elaborate and grand work, in ten Books, of the deeds of William Wallace." (6).

Dempster should have said "eleven," or "twelve," not "ten" Books. He wrote in a foreign country, and perhaps had not a printed copy of Henry's work by him, when he composed his Eulogium.

Henry, as Homer is said to have done, recited his Verses, which were of a patriotic kind, to the people among whom he travelled. In any other respect, it must be owned, it was rather ridiculous to say that he was another Homer.

He was blind from his birth, which Homer was not, who is supposed to have become blind in the latter part of his life, chiefly from the meaning of his name, which name can admit of other interpretations.

A man who has been born blind, and wishes to arrive at a high degree of poetical excellence, has insurmountable obstacles to contend with. He is necessarily secluded from many sources of intelligence, which would give variety to his ideas, and accuracy to his descriptions. He is incapable of having his genius roused by a view of the Works of Nature, and of observing them, as a Poet delights to do, in their visible effects and correspondencies.

This natural disadvantage, which Henry laboured under, fully appears in his Poem. It has rendered the
descriptive

descriptive parts especially much inferior to what his genius otherwise could have attained.

Some specimens may be selected for an illustration.

The changes which are made, in the course of the several months of the year, on the operations and face of nature, are common topics of Poetical description.

Henry, speaking of the month of March, calls it "the month of right digestion." Taking his description from the fermentation in the earth then begun. B. 6. V. 2.

"In April," he says, "the ground is able." Has obtained a productive power. "By the working of Nature, the fields are again clothed, and the woods acquire their worthy weed of Green." B. 6. V. 9.

"May," he says, "brings along with it great celestial gladness. The heavenly hues," by which he might mean either the vibrations of light, or the various colours of the flowers, "appear upon the tender green." B. 9. V. 4.

The admiring expression, "the heavenly hues," came with great propriety from a blind man, who had been taught to consider the paintings of nature as sources of heavenly pleasure.

He describes "the morning" by "Zephyrus beginning his course, and raising the sweet vapour from the ground. The clear rede," or instructive lesson for men to awake, "is heard from among the rocks, where the birds cheerfully sing through the green branches." B. 8. V. 1197.

In these representations he is cautious, but his conceptions are not diversified.

“Nymphæus,” or the deity of some river, “builds his bower, with oil and balm fulfilled, of sweet odour.”

B. 6. V. 12.

A bower filled with, or composed of oil and balm, cannot easily be conceived. Another person, who had enjoyed the faculty of sight, would have expressed himself more clearly. In the sense of Henry, the margin of a river may be called its odoriferous bower, where there are trees which distil unctuous juice, and which are interspersed with fragrant shrubs and luxuriant flowers.

Discouraged by his natural blindness, he seldom makes use of similes. Lengthened comparisons he might indeed have found inconsistent with the ardour with which he pursued his relation.

In his seventh Book, he alludes to two kindred appearances in nature. Describing the combatants on the streets of Glasgow, he says, what may be thus understood, “The dust, strongly agitated, rose above them like smoke; or like mist which, through the rays of the sun, ascendeth to the clouds.”

“Ye strang flour rais, as reik, upon them fast,

Or myst, throch sone, up to ye clouds past.”

B. 7. V. 574.

Few miraculous interpositions, with which Epic Poets delight to aggrandize their subjects, are introduced by him. His hero is pious, and like other devout persons, who are conscious of their being engaged

ged in a just cause, depends, in the exercise of prayer, on the wisdom and equity of the divine providence.

But in the second Book, Thomas Lermont, commonly called the Rymer, who lived in the days of Wallace, and was the celebrated Prophet among the Scots, is brought in giving proofs of his supernatural knowledge. B. 2. V. 298.

In the fifth Book, the ghost of Fawdon, a fullen and dark minded man who had joined Wallace, and whom Wallace on a sudden provocation had recently slain, makes its appearance on a very apposite occasion, and in circumstances sufficiently terrific. B. 5. V. 190.

A prophetic dream of Wallace, in which St Andrew, the patron Saint of Scotland, predicts to him, under various emblems, his future fortune, is related in the seventh Book. B. 7. V. 71.

And in the last Book, we find the story of the Monks of Burie Abbey in England, who related that one of them, a few days before Wallace's death, having recovered from a trance, informed the rest, that the soul of Wallace, without suffering the pains of purgatory, was to pass into heaven as a reward of his patriotism; as a sign of which the bells of the Abbey were to ring of their own accord on the day in which he was to die. B. 11. V. 1253.

There is nothing therefore in the "Machinery" of Henry's Poem, but what would be reckoned at the time highly credible by the people to whom he wrote.

The hero of the Poem is distinguished by his undaunted courage, his dexterity in extricating himself from

from difficulties, his love of liberty, and the zeal which he shews in the service of his country.

The inextinguishable thirst, which Henry gives him, of shedding the blood of the Invaders, might please a people in barbarous times; but certainly ought not to have been ascribed to Wallace, whose mind was too great to descend to an indiscriminate rage against any people whatever.

“ I like better to see the Sothroune de,
Yan gold or land yat yai can give to me,”

B. 5. V. 397.

Are words which Henry puts into the mouth of Wallace; which, unless in as far as they expressed his abhorrence of accepting a bribe against his country, no losses sustained, public or private, could justify.

The sword of Henry's hero, like that of the hero of Homer, is irresistible: when raised, the brave are slain, and ignoble multitudes are put to flight. The success of the confederated Greeks did not more depend on the aid of Achilles, than the cause of Wallace's countrymen depended on their being united to him. When he bears rule, they conquer, and the national liberty is restored. When other leaders envy his greatness, and the command has been resigned into their hands, they fall before their enemies, and the nation is enslaved. After struggling for some time against powerful adversaries, a solitary Patriot, who disdained to feign a submission, he is taken by treachery, and dies a martyr to the freedom of his country.

The faults in the diction of the Poem are not to be ascribed to Henry. He assuredly wrote the living language in the best manner of his time. If his grammar were a little mended, and the orthography of his words modernized, he would be more easily understood, without the help of a glossary, than any of his contemporary writers, even than some who wrote in the succeeding century. Those who take pleasure in Philological researches, may trace in his Poem the progress which the English language had then made in Scotland.

In his Poem may also be observed the ancient character of the people of Scotland; and the state of Society among them, at least what it was in Henry's time.

Under a tyranny exercised by a foreign power, the spirit of the nation was remarkably tried. We find heroism excited, but which sometimes degenerated into cruelty. We see a hardy race of men, keen in their resentments, patiently bearing want and fatigue, and regardless of danger in the enterprises in which they were engaged.

The general professions of submission, which they sometimes saw it proper to make, were not to be trusted: Their resentments were not extinguished, but were secretly gathering strength, afterwards to break out with greater violence, and with better success.

The manners described in the Poem were evidently taken from real life. We learn the customs and opinions, the habitations and way of living, the Colloquial phrases and intercourse, the mode of entertain-
ment

ment, the favourite dress of green, and other minute particulars which belonged to the former inhabitants of this part of the Island.

But Henry's chief ambition was to be considered as a faithful relater of the actions of Wallace. Hence his many seemingly anxious appeals to the Book which he professes to follow. Unfortunately that Book cannot now be produced in support of his veracity. Some therefore may take the liberty, not merely of entertaining suspicions, but of accusing him as having been guilty of a pious fraud in pretending to such an authority.

It is an obvious remark, that before the invention of the Art of Printing, and also before it was generally practised, the continuance of a book was exceedingly precarious. It might therefore be rather presumptuous, at this distance of time, to condemn him altogether.

In some parts of his Poem, there are appearances of what may be called an internal evidence in his favour : particularly in one passage where he quotes an interpolation. The words nearly are, " Mr John Blair spake nothing of himself : he did not relate what befell him in this adventure. But I, Thomas Gray, was then priest to Wallace, and I put into the Book how the matter happened." B. 10. V. 807.

Henry certainly was under no necessity of fabricating an interpolation ; and he could not easily have thought of such words, unless he had actually found them in a book then existing.

It must however be allowed that he has fully used the licence which Poets claim of exaggerating the events they relate. Deeds of valour are displayed, which in their circumstances surpass belief: and honours are paid to his hero, such as the visit made to him by the Queen of England, which we are sure never were conferred on Wallace.

His geographical descriptions are uncommonly accurate. But his chronology is such as he could not have copied from any well informed writer. A better excuse can be made for him, than for many other unchronological writers. To a blind man it must be peculiarly difficult to arrange a work of any great length. Few persons have a memory equal to such a task. Accidental causes will occasion a variation, which will lead to others, and which will not be noticed till it be too late to remedy them.

Henry seems, in the beginning, to have intended to observe an exact order of time. But having gone wrong, he could not recover himself, and therefore gave himself up to follow his own fancy in his choice of the story next to be introduced. Many of the events inserted by him undoubtedly happened, but not often in the succession in which they appear.

It would be too sceptical to treat as fabulous every thing he relates that is not confirmed by records, or by other writers of respectable character. A person who travelled through the country in the manner Henry did, must, even though he had no written history

to rely on, have learned many particulars which were founded in truth.

It must also be granted that the personal accomplishments, and military actions of Wallace, must have been of the most extraordinary kinds, as they were the means of distinguishing him above all others in his station of a private gentleman, and of raising him to be Governor of the Kingdom, and General of its Armies.

It is impossible now perfectly to distinguish between what is true, and what is false, in many of Henry's Relations. But they will not greatly err, who pay some regard to the facts he mentions, which are not in their own nature quite improbable, and not contradicted by other evidence of indisputable authority.

Thus I have given, in this memoir, the few particulars of Henry's Life which can be known with certainty. I have taken notice of what may be said in favour of his work, and also of what may be said against it.

The result, I apprehend, is, that his work is deserving of esteem, in some degree, as a History, and as a Poem, and more especially, as it delineates ancient manners, and contains an ample specimen of our language, as it was formerly spoken in this country.

The concluding words of the *Scotichronicon*, which have been put also at the end of those Relations concerning Wallace, which are ascribed to Arnald Blair, some persons, with whom I would not wish to contend,

tend, may reckon to be, in some respects, peculiarly applicable to Henry's Book,

"Non Scotus est, Christe, cui non liber placet iste."

"He is not a Scotsman whom this Book does not please."



(1). Charters in the Archives of the Church at Perth, from 1375, to 1460.

(2). (5.) "Integrum Librum Guillelmi Wallacei Henricus, a Nativitate Luminibus captus, meæ infantie tempore cudit, & quæ vulgo dicebantur carmine vulgari, in quo peritus erat, conscripsit, (Ego autem talibus scriptis solum in parte fidem impertior,) Qui, Historiarum Recitatione coram principibus, victum & vestitum, quod dignus erat, nactus est."

Johan. Major. Hist. Brit. L. 4. C. 14. p. 169. Editio Fribarn. apud Edinb. 1740.

(3). Vita Dom. Johan. Majoris, per G. Craford. p. ix, x.

(4). (6). "Henricus quidam, a nativitate cecus, rara tamen ingenii felicitate, Homerus alter, patriam linguam supra ætatem suam dicavit. Scripsit operosum & grande opus, versu vernaculo, de Gestis Gulielmi Wallasii, Lib. x.—Vivebat Anno, 1361."

Thom. Dempst. Hist. Eccles. Scot. L. 8. p. 349.

OF THE
HISTORICAL RELATIONS

ASCRIBED TO
ARNALD BLAIR.

SIR James Balfour, who was "Lion King at Arms" for Scotland, in the reign of Charles I, transcribed a small Latin Chronicle, in the Library of Sir Thomas Cotton the English antiquary, which bears this title, "Relationes quædam Arnaldi Blair, Monachi de Dunfermelen, et Capellani D. Willielmi Wallas, Militis."

"Some Relations by Arnald Blair, a Monk of Dunfermling, and Chaplain of Sir William Wallace, Knight."

Sir Robert Sibbald published this transcript, with a Commentary and Notes, in 1705. A copy of whose publication is to be found in the Appendix to that edition of Henry's Life of Wallace, which was printed in Black Letter in 1758.

Some have supposed that this Chronicle is the historical Book to which Henry refers, or at least that it contains some fragments of it; and that it was written in 1327.

They conjecture that, after the death of Wallace, Mr John Blair took the monastic vows at Dunfermling;

ling; and that, according to what was sometimes done on such an occasion, he partly changed his name, and called himself Arnald.

It is necessary to make some remarks on this Chronicle, because none of the passages to which Henry pointedly refers, are to be found in it.

There may have been an Arnald Blair, a Monk at Dunfermling. The person may have known that there was, who prefixed the name of Blair to the Chronicle. But though there were such a Monk at Dunfermling, it is not clear that he was the Mr John Blair, who was the military companion of Wallace.

Henry always calls him by the name of John. He says, he lived long after the death of Wallace, but does not speak of his having become a Monk. What he says of his rank in the Church is, that he was "Levyt," licensed, or consecrated, "at Paris, among masters in science and renown." B. 5. V. 535. Besides the history which Henry mentions, was the composition not only of Mr John Blair, but also of Mr Thomas Gray.

The Chronicle, if it can be so called, is a very poor one, and probably never contained more than what now appears in it. It is evidently not written in the descriptive manner of persons who were present, and actively engaged in the events they relate.

Some of the facts are introduced without order of time; and an error presents itself in the very beginning, where it is said, that Wallace was made Governor of Scotland in 1294.

Except

Except this erroneous passage, and three other paragraphs, it contains nothing historical but what may be found, in the same words, in the eleventh and twelfth Books of the *Scotichronicon*.

The first of the three paragraphs relates to the battle at Black Ironside in Fyfe. The second, to the punishment of some traiters in Galloway, and to the burning of the Barns at Air. And the third mentions three battles at Perth, in one of which the bridge over the Tay was broke down.

But these three paragraphs are ascribed, in the printed Commentary before-mentioned, to the *Scotichronicon*, and perhaps for this reason that they were contained in those two Chapters of the eleventh Book of that work, which are now wanting in the Scots Manuscripts.

The description of Wallace's Person is what Henry might be thought to have had more especially in his view. But it is considerably different from the description he gives, and is to be found in the very same words, *Scotichron. L. II. C. 28.*

If Mr John Blair and Mr Thomas Gray wrote a history of Wallace in 1327, Fordun or Bowmaker, the Compilers of the *Scotichronicon*, might, no doubt, have availed themselves of it. But the Relations ascribed to Arnald Blair appear, at least in their present form, to be merely a loose extract, made for some purpose or other, of what Fordun or Bowmaker had set down in their work.



THE
L I F E
O F
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, &c.

B O O K . I .

Wallace's Parentage—Debate of Bruce and Baliol—Battle
of Berwick 1296—Of Dunbar—Edward and Corfpatriek
depose Baliol—Scotland lost when Wallace a Child—
Wallace's Mother goes with him to Gowrie—He is put
to school at Dundee—Kills Selby—Goes to Dunipace—
To Richardtown—Fishing Adventure.

O UR Antecessoris, yat we fuld of reide,
And hald in mynde yar nobile worthi deide,
We lat ourslide, throw werray slouthfulness,
And cast us evir till uthir besynes.
Till honour ennymys is our haile entent,
As has beyne feyne in yir tymys bywent.
Our auld ennymys cummin of Saxony's blud,
That nevyr zeit to Scotland wald do gud,
Bot evir on fors, and contrar haile yair will,
Quhow gret kyndnes yair beyne kyth yaim till,

It is weyle knawyne on mony divers fyde,
 How yai haff wrocht into yair mychty pryde,
 To hald Scotlande at undir evirmair,
 Bot God abuff has maid yair mycht to par;
 Zhit wi fuld thynk one our bears befor. 15
 Of yair parablys as now I say no mor.
 We reid of ane rycht famous of renoune,
 Of worthi blud yat ryngs in yis regioun:
 And hensfurth, I will my proces hald
 Of Wilzham Wallace as ye haf hard beyne tald. 20
 His Forbears quha like till undirstand,
 Of hale lynage, and trew line of Scotland,
 Schir Ranald Crawford, rycht Schirreff of Ayr,
 So in hys tyme he had a Dochtir fayr,
 And younge Schir Rannald Schirreff of yat towne, 25
 Hys systir fayr, of gud fame and renoune;
 Malcom Wallace hir gat in mariage,
 Yat Elrifle yan had in heretage,
 Auchinboth, and oyr syndry place,
 Ye secund O he was of gud Wallace : 30
 Ye quhilk Wallace fully worthely had wrocht,
 Quhen Waltyr hyr of Waillis fra Warayn socht;
 Quha liks till haif mar knowlage in yat part,
 To reide ye fyrst rycht lyne of the fyrst Stewart.
 Bot Malcom gat upon yis lady brycht, 35
 Schir Malcom Wallace, a full gentill knycht,
 And Wilzame als, as Con's Cornykle bers on hand,
 Quhilk eftir was ye reskew of Scotland,
 Quhen it was losse with tresoune and falsnes,
 Ourset be fais weyle throw Grace. 40

Quhen



Quhen Alexander our worthi king had lorn,
Be awentur hys liff besyd Kingorn,
Thre zer in pefs ye realm stude desolate,
Quharfor yair rais a full greivous debate.
Our Prynce Dawy, ye Erle of Huntynoun, 45
Thre dochtrys had yat war of gret renoun :
Off quhilk thre com Bruce, Balzoune, and Hastyng,
Twa of ye thre desyrit to be kyng.
Balzoune clamyt of fyrst gre lynealy,
And Bruce fyrst male of ye secund gre by. 50
To Parys yan, and in Ingland yai send,
Of yis gret striff how yai suld haif ane end.
Foly it was (forfuth it happynnyt sa)
Succour to sek of yair alde mortale fa.
Edwarde Langschanks had now begune hys wer, 55
Apon Gaskone, fell awfull in Effer :
Yai lands yane he clamde as heretage.
Fra tyme yat he had semblyt hys barnage,
And herd tell weyle Scotland stude in sic cace,
He thocht till hym to mak it playn conquace. 60
Till Noram Kirk he com withouten mar,
Ye Consell yan of Scotland meit hym yar.
Full futailly he chargyt yaim in bandoune,
As yar our lord, till hald of hym ye toun.
Byfchope Robert in hys tym full worthi, 65
Off Glasgow lord, he said yat we deny
Ony our lord, bot ye gret God abuff.
Ye king was wrath, and maid him to ramuff.
Couetis Balzoune folowid on hym fast,
Till hald of him he grantyt at ye last : 70

In contrar rycht, a king he maid hym thar,
 Quharthroch Scotland rapentyt syne full far.
 To *Balzoune* zhit our lords wald nocht consent.
 Edwarde past fouth, and gart set hys parlement :
 He callyt *Balzoune* till ansuer for Scotland. 73
 The wyfs lords gert hym sone brek yat band.
 Ane Abbot past, and gaiff our yis legiance.
 King Edward yan it tuk in gret greuance.
 Hys oft he rasd, and com to Werk on Tweede,
 Bot for to fecht, as yan he had gret drede, 80
 To Corspatryk of Dimbar sone he fend,
 His consell ask, for he ye contre kend :
 And he was brocht in presense to ye king,
 Be suttale band yai cordyt of yis thing.
 Erle Patrick yan till Berweck couth pursew ; 85
 Reslawide he was and traftyt werray trew :
 Ye king folowid with his oft of renoune,
 Eftir mydnycht at rest wes all ye toune.
 Corspatryk raifs, ye keyis weile he knew,
 Leit briggs down, and portculefs yai drew, 90
 Set up zetts syne, couth hys baner schaw ;
 Ye oft was war, and towart hym yai draw.
 Edwarde ontrit, and gert fla hastely,
 Of man and wiff, vij thousand and fyfty,
 And barnys als ; be yis fals awentur 95
 Of trew Scotts chapyt na creatur.
 A captayne yair yis fals Edwarde maid,
 Towart Dimbar, without restyng yai raid.
 Quhar gadryt was grete power of Scotland,
 Agayne Edward in Bataill thocht to stand : 100

Yir iiij Erllis was entrit in yat place,
Of Mar, Menteith, Adell, Ross, upon cace,
In yat castell ye Erle gert hald yaim in,
At to yar men without yai mycht nocht win,
Na yai to yaim suppleying for to ma. 105
Ye battaillis yan togiddyr fast yai ga.
Full gret slauchtyr, it pute was to se.
Off trew Scotts ourfett with futeltie,
Erle Patrick yan quhen fechtynge was fellast,
Till our fa turnd and harmyng did us mast. 110
Is nane in warld, at scaithis ma do mar,
Yan weile traftyt, in born familiar.
Our men was slayne withouttyn redemptioun;
Throuch yar deds all tynt was yis regioun.
King Edward past and Corspatrick to Scune, 115
And yar he gat ymage of Scotland fune,
For nane was left ye realme for to defend;
For Jhon ye Balzoune to Munrofs yan he send,
And putt hym doune for evir of yis kynrik,
Yan Edward self was callyt a Roy full ryk. 120
Ye croune he took apon yat samyne stane
At Gadalos send with hys sone fra Spane
Quhen Iber Scot fyrst intill Irland come,
At Cannmor syne king Fergus has it wone,
Brocht it till Scune, and stapill maid it yar, 125
Quhar kings was cround viij hundyr zer and mar,
Befor the tyme at King Edward it fand;
Yis Jouell he gert turfs intill Ingland;
In Lund it sett till witness of yis thing,
Be conquests yan of Scotland cald hym king. 130

Quhar yat stayne is, Scotts suld mastir be,
 God ches ye tyme Margrits Ayr till se.
 Vij scor yai led off ye gretast yat yai fand
 Off Ayrs with yaim and Bruce out of Scotland.
 Edwarde gayff hym hys fadrs heretage, 133
 Bot he thocht ay till hald hym in thryllage.
 Baith Blatock Mur was his and Huntintoun.
 Till Erle Patrick yai gaif full gret gardoune;
 For ye frendschipe king Edwarde with hym fand,
 Protector haile he maid hym of Scotland. 140
 Yat Office yan he brukyt bot schort tyme,
 I may not now putt all ye deidis in ryme,
 Of cornikle quhat suld I tary lang?
 To Wallace agayne now breiffly will I gang.
 Seotland was lost quhen he was bot a childe, 145
 And ourset throucht our ennemyis wilde.
 His fadyr Malcom in ye Lennox fled,
 Hys eldest sone thedir he with hym led;
 Hys modyr fled with hym fra Elrifle,
 Till Gowry past, and duelt in Kilspynde, 150
 Ye knycht hyr fadyr thedyr he yaim sent
 Till hys uncle, yat with full gud entent
 In Gowry duelt and had gud lewyng yar,
 Ane agyt man, ye quhilk resawyt yaim far.
 In till Dundee Wallace to scule yai send, 155
 Quhill he of witt full worthely was kend.
 Yus he conteynde intill hys tendyr age,
 In armys syne did mony hie wallage,
 Quhen Saxons blude into yis realme cummyng,
 Wyrkand ye will of Edwarde yat false king, 160

Mony

Mony gret wrang yai wrocht in yis regionne,
Distroyit our lordys and brak yair byggyngs doune.
Both wiffs an wedowis yai tuk all at yair will,
Nonnys madyns quham yai liket to spill.
King Herod's part yai playit into Scotland, 163
Off zong childer yat yai befor yaim fand
Ye Byfchopryks, yat war of gretast waile,
Yai tuk in hand of yair Archbyfchops haile:
No for the Pape yai wald na kyrks forber,
Bot gryppyt all be wiolence of wer. 170
Glaskow yai gaif, as it our weile was kend,
To Dyocye of Duram to commend.
Small benifice yat wald yai nocht perfew,
And for ye richt full worthy clerks yai fiew.
Hangyt Barrownys and wrocht full mekill cayr, 175
It was weylle knawyn, in the Berneys of Ayr,
Xviij fcor putt to yat dispitfull dede,
Bot God abowyn has fend us sum ramede.
Ye remembrance is forthir in ye taile.
I will folow apon my procefs haile. 180
Wylzham Wallace or he was man of armys,
Gret pitte thocht yat Scotland tuk sic harmys,
Mekill dolour it did hym in hys mynde,
For he was wise, rycht worthy, wicht and kynde,
In Gowry duelt still with yis worthy man, 185
As he encreffyt, and witt haboundyt yan,
Intill hys hart he had full mekill cayr.
He saw ye Sothroune multipliand mayr,
And to hymself oft wald he mak hys mayne.
Off hys gud kyne yai had flayne mony ane. 190

Zhit he was yan femly stark and bald,
And he of age was bot xvij zer auld,
Wapynnys he bar, outhir gud fuerd or knyff,
For he with yaim hapnyt richt oft in stryff.
Quhar he fand ane without ye oyir presance, 195
Eftir to Scotts yat did no mor grewance;
To cut hys throit or streik him sedanlye,
He mayndit not fand he yaim sawely.
Syndry wayntit, bot nane wyft be quhat way,
For als to hym yar couth na man yaim say. 200
Littel of spech, wyfs, curtass and benyng,
Sad of contenance he was bath ald and zing.
Upon a day to Dundee he was send,
Off cruelnes full littil yai hym kend.
Ye constable a felloun man of wer, 205
Yat to ye Scotts he did full mekill der,
Selbye he hecht, dispytfull and owtrage,
A sone he had ner xx zer of age:
Into ye toune he usyt ilka day,
Thre men or four yar went with hym to play; 210
A hely schrew, wanton in his entent,
Wallace he saw and towart hym he went;
Liklie he was richt bige and weyle beseyne,
Intill a wyde of gudly garmand greynne;
He callyt on hym, and said, yow Scott, abyde, 215
Quha dewill ye grathis in so gay a wyde;
Ane Ersche mantill it was yi kynd to wer,
A Scotts thewittil undyr yi belt to ber,
Rouch rowlyngs apon yi harlot fete,
Giff me yi knyff, quhat dois yi ger sa mete? 220
Till

Till hym he zeid hys knyff to tak hym fra.
Fast by the collar Wallace couth hym ta,
Undyr hys hand ye knyff he bradit owt,
For all hys men yat semblyt hym about,
Bot help himself he wist of no remede, 225
Without reskew he stykit hym to dede.
Ye squier fell. Of hym yar was na mar.
Hys men folowed on Wallace wondyr fair
The pres was thik and cummerit yaim full fast.
Wallace was spedye, and gretelye als agast; 230
Ye bludy knyff bar drawin in hys hand,
He sparyt nane yat he befor hym fand.
He knew ye hous hys Eyme had lugit in,
Thydir he fled, for out he mycht not wyn;
Ye gud wyff yan within ye clofs saw he, 235
And help, he cryit, for hym yat deit on tre,
Ye zong captane has fallyn with me at stryff.
In at the dur he went with yis gud wyff.
A roussat goun of hir awn sche hym gaiff
Apon hys weyd, at covrit all ye laiff, 240
A soudly courche our hed and nek leit fall,
A wowyn quhyt hatt sche brassit on with all;
For yai suld nocht lang tary at yat in,
Gaiff hym a rok, syn set hym doune to spin.
Ye Sothroune socht quhar Wallace was in drede; 245
Yai wyft nocht weyll at quhat zett he in geide.
In yat same hous yai socht hym beselye,
Bot he sat still, and span full conandly,
As of hys tyme he has not leryt lang.
Yai lest hym swa and furth yair gate can gang, 250
With

With havy cheyr and sorowfull in thocht,
Mair witt of hym as yan get couth yai nocht,
Ye Inglis men all yus in barrat boune,
Bade byrn all Scotts yat war into yat tounne.
Zhit yis gud wyff held Wallace till ye nycht, 255
Maid hym gud cher, syne put hym out with flycht,
Throw a dyrk garth sche gydit him furth fast,
In cowart went and up ye wattyr past,
Forbure ye gate for wachis yat war yar.
Hys modyr was intill a gret dispar. 260
Quhen sche him saw sche thankyt hewynnis queyn,
And said, der son, yis lang quhar has yow beyne?
He tald his modyr off hys sedane cas.
Yan wepyt sche, and said full aft, alas!
Or yat yow cefs, yow will be slayne with all. 265
Modyr, he said, God Reuller is of all.
Unfowerable ar ye pepille of Ingland,
Part of yir ire me think we suld gaynstand.
His Eyme wyft weyle yat he ye squier slew,
For dreid yarof in gret languor he grew. 270
This passit our, quhill diuers dayis wer gane,
Yat gud man drede or Wallace suld be tane
For Sothroune ar full suttaille evir ilk man,
A gret dittay for Scotts yai ordand yan.
Be ye law-dayis in Dundee fet ane Ayr, 275
Yan Wallace wald na langar soiorne yar;
Hys modyr graythit hir in pilgrame weide,
Him disgyfit syne glaidlye with hir zeid.
A schort sword undyr hys weyd priuatelie.
In all yat land full mony faes had he. 280

Baithe qn yair fute with yaim mae tuk yai nocht.
Quha sperd sche said to Santt Margret yai socht.
Quha serwit hir, full gret frendschipe yai fand
With Sothroune folk, for sche was of Ingland.
Befyd Landors ye ferrye our yai past 285
Syne throch ye Ochtell sped yaim wondyr fast.
In Dumfermyne yai lugyt all yat nicht;
Apon ye morn, quhen yat ye day was brycht,
With gentill wemen hapnyt yaim to pafs,
Off Ingland born in Lithquhow wownnand was. 290
The captane's wyff in pilgramage had beyne,
Fra sche yaim mett, and had zong Wallace seyne,
Gud cher yaim maid, for he was wondyr fayr,
Not large of tong, weille taucht and *debonayr*.
Furth tawkand yus of mattris yat was wrocht, 295
Quhill south our Forth with her sone sche yaim brocht.
Into Lithkow yai wald not tary lang,
Yar leyff yai tuk, to Dunypace couth gang,
Quhar duelt his eyme, a man of gret riches.
This mychty parson, hecht to name Wallace, 300
Maid yam gud cher, and was a full kynd man,
Welcummyt yaim fair, and to yaim tald he yan,
Dide hym to witt, ye land was all on ster;
Trettyt yaim weyle, and said, my sone so der,
Yi modyr and yow rycht heir with me fall byde, 305
Quhill better be, for chance yat may betyde.
Wallace anfuerd, said, Westermar we will,
Our kynd ar slayne, and yat me likes ill;
And oyir worthi mony in yat airt,
Will God I leiffe, we fall us wicke on pairt. 310

The

The parson sicht, and said, my sone so fre.
I cannot wyfs how yat radrefs may be.
Quhat suld I spek of, frustir as yis tyde
For gyft of gud with hym he wald not byde.
Hys modyr and he till Elrifle yai went. 315
Apon ye morn sche for hyr brodyr sent,
In Corsby duelt and Scheriff was of Ayr.
Yir fadyr was dede a lang tyme leyffyt had yar,
Hyr husband als at Loudone-hill was slayne.
Hyr eldest sone yat mekill was of mayne, 320
Schir Malcom Wallace was hys nayme bot less,
Hys houch fenews yai cuttyt in yat prefs;
On kneis he faucht, felle Inglismen he slew,
Till hym yar focht may fechtars yan anew;
On athir side with spers bar hym doune, 325
Yar stekyt yai yat gud knyght of renoune.
On to my tailé I left at Elrifle
Schyr Ranald come sone till hys syfter fre,
Welcommyt yaim hayme, and sperd of hir entent.
Sche prayde he wald to ye Lord Perfyne went, 330
So yrk of wer sche couth na furthir fle,
To purchefs pefs, in rest at sche mycht be.
Schyr Ranald had ye Perseys protectioun,
As for all part to tak ye remissioun.
He gert wrytt ane till hys syftr yat tyde, 335
In yat respyt Wallace wald nocht abyde.
Hys modyr kyft, sche wepyt with hart far,
Hys leyff he tuk, syne with hys eyne couth far.
Zong he was, and to Sotheroune rycht sauage,
Gret rowme yai had dispitfull and outrage. 340

Schyr

Schyr Ranald weyllle durst not hald Wallace yar,
For gret perill he wist apperand war;
For yai had haill ye strenthis of Scotland,
Quhat yai wald do durst few agayne yaim stand.
Schyreff he was, and usyt yaim amang, 345
Full far he drede or Wallace suld tak wrang;
For he and yai couth neuir weyllle accord.
He gat a blaw, thoch he war lad or lord,
That proferryt hym ony lichlenes:
Bot yai raparyt owr mekill to yat place. 350
Als Inglis clerks in prophecys yai fand,
How a Wallace suld put yaim fra Scotland.
Schyr Ranald knew weille a mar quiet stede,
Quhar Wilzham mycht be bettir fra yair fede,
With hys uncle Wallace of Ricardtoun, 355
Schyr Richard heft, yat gud knycht off ranoune.
Yai landis haile yan was his heretage,
Bot blynd he was so hapnyt throw curage,
Be Inglis men yat dois us mekill der;
In hys ryfying he worthi was in wer. 360
Throch hurt of waynys and minishing of blud;
Zett he was wyfs, and off hys counfel gud.
In Feuirzer Wallace was to hym send,
In Aprill fra hym he bownd to wend.
Bot gud service he did hym with plesance, 365
As in yat place was worthi to awance.
So on a tyme he desyrit to play,
In Aprill ye thre and twentyt day,
Till Erewyn wattir fysche to tak he went,
Sic fantasye fell in his entent. 370

To leide hys net a child furth with hym zeid;
 Bot he or nowne was in a fellowne dreid.
 Hys fwerd he left, so did he nevir agayne,
 It dide hym gud, suppos he suffryt payne.
 Off yat labour as yan he was not fle, 375
 Happy he was, tuk fische habundanle.
 Or of ye day ten houris our couth pass,
 Rydand yar come nerby quhar Wallace wafs,
 Ye Lord Perfyne was Captane yan of Ayre
 Fra hyme he turnyt and couth to Glaskow fair. 380
 Part of ye court had Wallace labour seyne,
 Till hym raid fyff cled into ganand greyne,
 Wallace meklye agayne ansuir hym gaive,
 It war refoune, me think, zhe suld haif part.
 Waith suld be delt, in all place, with fre hart, 385
 He bad hys child gyff yaim of our waithing.
 Ye Sotheroune said, as now of yi delying
 We will nocht tak, yow wald giff us our small.
 He lichtit doune, and fra ye child tuk all.
 Wallace said yan, gentillmen gif ze be, 390
 Leiff us some pairt, we pray for cherity,
 An agyt knyght serwis our lady to day,
 Gud frend leiff pairt and tak not all away.
 Yow fall haiff leyff to fysche, and tak yow ma,
 All yis forfuth fall in our flyttyng ga, 395
 We serffe a lord, yis fysche fall till hym gang.
 Wallace, ansuert, said, yew art in ye wrang.
 Quham dois yow, Scott? in faith yow serwis a blaw.
 Till hym he ran and out a fuerd can draw.
 Wilzham was wa he had na wappynis yar, 400
 Bot

Bot ye pout staff, ye quhilk in hand he bar.
Wallace with it fast on ye cheik hym tuk
With so gud will, quhill off hys feit he schuk.
Ye fuerd flaw fra hym a fur breid on ye land.
Wallace was glad, and hint it sone in hand, 401
And with ye fuerd an awkwart straik hym gaive
Under ye hat, his crage in fondir draive,
Be yat ye laiff lychtit about Wallace,
He had no help, only bot Goddis grace.
On athir syde full fast on hym yai dang, 405
Gret perill was giff yai had leftyt lang.
Apon ye hede in gret ire he strake ane,
Ye scherand fuerd glaid to the colar bane.
Ane oydir on ye arme he hitt so hardely.
Quhill hand and fuerd bathe on the feld can ly. 415
Ye toyir twa fled to yair hors agayne;
He stekyt hym was last apon ye playne.
Thre slew he yar, twa fled with all yair mycht
Eftir yair lord, bot he was out of fycht,
Takand ye mure, or he and yai couth twine; 420
Till hym yai raid onon, or yai wald blyne,
And cryt, lord, abyde, your men ar martryt doune,
Rycht cruelly, her in yis fals regioun;
Fyffe of our court her at ye wattir baid,
Fysche for to bring, thoch it na profyt maid. 425
We ar chapyt, bot in feyld slayne ar thre.
The lord speryt, quhow mony nicht yai be?
We saw bot ane yat has discumfyt us all.
Yan leuche he lowde, and said, foull mot you fall;
Sen ane yow all has putt to confusioun 430

Quha menys it maist ye dewyll of hell hym droune;
Yis day for me, in faith, he beis nocht socht.
Quhar Wallace yus yis worthi werk had wrocht,
Yair hors he tuk, and ger yat lewynt was yar,
Gaiff our yat crafft, he zeid to fysche na mat, 435
Went till his Eyme, and tauld hym of yis drede.
And he for wo weyle ner worthit to weide,
And said, sone, yir tythings litts me for;
And be it knawin, yow may tak scaith yarfor.
Uncle, he said, I will no langer byde, 440
Yis Southland hors latt se gif I can ryde.
Yan bot a child, hym ferwice for to mak,
Hys Eymys sonnys he wald nocht with him tak.
Yis gud knyght said, deyr cufyng, pray I ye,
Quhen yow wantts gud, cum fech ynewch fra me. 445
Syluir and gold he gert on to hym geyff.
Wallace inclynys, and gudely tuk hys leyff.

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THE
L I F E
O F
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, &c.

BOOK II.

Wallace Kills a Churl at Air—Also Lord Peircie's Steward
—Imprisonment at Air—Escapes—Slays Longcastle.

ZONG Wallace fulfyllt of hie curage,
In pryfs of armys desirous and sauage.
Yi wallage may nevir be forlorn,
Yi deids are knawin, thoch yat ye warld had suorn :
For yi haile mynde, labour and besynes, 5
Was set in wer, and werray rychtwyffnes ;
And fellounes los of yi deyr worthi kyn,
Ye rancour mar remaynde hys mynde within.
It was hys lyff, and maist part of hys fude,
To se yaim sched ye byrnand Sotherounne blude. 10
Till Auchincruiff withoutyn mar he raid,
And bot schort tyme in pefs at he yar baid ;
Yar duelt a Wallace welcummyt hym full weill,
Youcht Inglisfen yar of had littill feill.
Bath meit and drynk at hys will had he yar. 15

In Laglyne wode, quhen yat he maid rapayr,
Yis Gentillman was full oft hys refett,
With stuff of houshald strestely he yaim bett.
Swa he defyrit ye toune of Ayr to se,
Hys child with hym as yan no ma had he. 20
Ay next ye wode Wallace gert leiff hys horfs,
Syne on hys feit zeid to ye markat corfs,
Ye Persye was in ye Castell of Ayr
With Inglifmen, gret nowmbir and rapayr,
Our all ye toune rewlyng on yair awne wyfs. 25
Till mony Scott yai did full gret supprys.
Aboundandlye Wallace amang yaim zeid,
Ye rage of youth mad hym to haf no dreid.
A Churll yai had, yat felloune byrdyngs bar,
Excedandlye he wald lyft mekill mar 30
Yan ony twa yat yai amang yaim fand;
And als be us a sport he tuk in hand,
He bar a fasteing in a bouftous poille,
On hys braid bak of ony wald he thoille,
Bot for a grot, als fast as he mycht draw. 35
Quhen Wallace herd spek of yat mery saw,
He lykit weille at yat markat to be,
And for a strak he bad hym grotts thre.
Ye Churll grantyt, off yat proferr was fayne.
To pay ye siluer Wallace was full wayne. 40
Wallace yat steing tuk up intill hys hand,
Full sturdely he coud befor hym stand;
Wallace, with yat, apon ye bak hym gaiff,
Till hys ryg bayne he all in sondyr draiff.
Ye Carll was dede. Of hym I spek na mar. 45

Ye Inglifmen semblyt on Wallace yar,
Feill on ye feld of Frekis fechtand fast;
He unabysat, and nocht gretlie agast,
Apon ye hede ane with the steing hitt he,
Till bayn and brayn he gert in peifes fle. 50
Ane oyir he straik on a basnat of steille,
The tre to raiff and fruschyte euery deille.
Hys steing was tynt, ye Inglifman was dede,
For hys crag bayne was brokin in yat stede.
He drew a fuerd at helpyt hym at neide, 55
Throuch owte ye thikest of ye preys he zeid;
And at hys horsis full fayne he wald haiff beyne.
Twa farde hym maift yat cruell war and keyne.
Wallace raturnd as man of mekill mayne,
And at a straik ye formast has he slayne; 60
Ye toydur fled, and durst hym nocht abyde,
Bot a rycht straik Wallace hym gat yat tyde,
In at ye guschet bravely he hym bar,
Ye grounden fuerd throuch out hys costil schar.
Fyffe slew he yar, or yat he left ye toune; 65
He gat hys horsis, to Laglyne maid him boune,
He pyt hys child, and let hym nocht abyde.
In saulty yus on to ye wode can ryde.
Feile folowit hym on horsis, and eik on fute,
To tak Wallace, bot yan it was na bute. 70
Couert of treis sawit hym full weille;
Bot yar to byde, yan coud he nocht a deille.
Gud ordinance, yat ferd for hys estate,
Hys cufyng maid at all tyme, ayr and late,
Ye Squeir Wallace in Auchincruiff yat was, 75

Baith bed and meite he maid for yaim to pass,
As for yat tyme yat he remanyt yar;
Bot far he langit to se ye toune of Ayr.
Thedyr he past apon ye merkate day;
Gret God gif he as yan had beyne away! 80
Hys Emys serwand to buy hym fysche was send,
Schyr Ranald Crawford Schirreff yan was kend.
Quhen he had tane of sic gud as he bocht,
Ye Persye's stwart sadly till hym socht,
And said, yow Scott, to quhom takis yow yis thing? 85
To ye Schirreff, he said, be hewynnys king.
My lord fall haiff it, and syne go seke ye mar.
Wallace on gaite ner by was walkand yar,
Till hym he zeid, and said, gud friend, pray I the,
Ye Schirreff's serwand yow wald lat hym be. 90
A hetfull man ye stwart was of blude,
And thocht Wallace chargyt hym in termys rude.
Go hens, ye Scott, ye mekill dewill ye speid,
At yi shrewed ufs ye wenys me to leid.
A huntyng staff intill hys hand he bar, 95
Yarwith he smat on Wilzham Wallace yar,
Bot for hys tre littill sonzhe he maid,
Bot be ze colar claught hym withoutyn baid,
A felloun knyff fast till hys hart straik he,
Syne fra hym dede schot hym doun sedanle; 100
Tatour sen syne, he was, but weyr na mar,
Men of armyfs on Wallace semblyt yar,
Four scor was fett in armyfs buskit boune,
On ye markat day, for Scotts, to kepe ye toune:
Bot Wallace baldly drew a fuerd of wer, 105

Into

Into ye byrneis ye formaft can he ber,
Throuhout ye body ftekyt hym to dede,
And fyndry ma, or he past off yat ftede,
Ane oyir awkwart a large ftraik tuk yar,
Abowne ye kne, ye bayne in fonder fchar. 110
The thrid he ftraik throuch hys piffand of maile,
Ye crag in twa, na weids mycht hym waile.
Yus Wallace ferd, als fers as a lyoun,
Yan Inglifmen yat war in bargayne boun;
To kepe ye gait with fpers rude and lang, 115
For dynt of fuerd yai durft nocht till hym gang.
Wallace was harnyft on hys body weylle,
Till hym yai focht with heds fcharp of fteylle,
And fra hys ftrenth enwerounde hym about;
Bot throw ye prefs on a fyde he went out, 120
On till a wall yat ftude by ye fe fyde;
For weyle or wo yar moft he neds abyde.
And of yair fpers in peffis part he fchar.
Yan fra ye caftell oyir help come mar.
Atour ye dyke yai zeid on aithir fyde, 125
Schott doune ye wall, no focour was yat tyde,
Yan wyft he nocht of no help, bot to de,
To wenge hys dede amang yaim loufs zeid he,
On aither part in gret ire hewand fast,
Hys byrnyft brand he byrftyt at ye laft, 130
Brak in ye helt, away ye blaid it flaw;
He wyft na wayne bot out hys knyff can draw;
Ye fyrft he flew yat hym in hand has hynt,
And oyir twa he ftekyt with his dynt.
Ye remanand with fpers to hym focht, 135

Bar hym to ground, yan forthir mycht he nocht.
Ye lords bad yat yai fuld nocht hym fla,
To pyne hym mar yai chargyt hym to ga.
Yus in yair armyfs suppos yat he had suorn,
Out off the garth be forfs yai haiff hym borne. 140
Yus gud Wallace with Inglifmen was tane,
In falt of help, for he was hym allane.
He coud not cheyfs, fic curage fo hym bar,
Frewill fortoune yus brocht hym in ye fnar;
And fals Inwey ay contrar rychtwifnes, 145
That wiolent God full of doublines.
Yai fenziет godds Wallace nevir knew:
Gret rychtwifnes hym ay till mercy drew.
Hys kyn mycht not hym get for na kyn thing,
Mycht yai haiff payit ye ranfoune of a king. 150
Ye mor yai bad, ye mor it was in wayne.
Off yair beft men yat day feuen has he flayne.
Yai gert fet hym intill a prifoune fell;
Off hys turment great payne it war to tell.
Ill meyt and drynk yai gert ontill hym gyff, 155
Gret marwaille was lang tyme gif he mycht leyff;
And ek yarto he was in prifoune law,
Quhill yai thocht tyme on hym to hald ye law.
Leyff I hym yar into yat payneful ftede.
Gret God abowe till hym fend fum ramede. 160
Ye playne complenyt, ye pittous lementyng,
Ye wofull wepyng yat was for hys takyng,
Ye turmentyng of euery creatur.
Alas, yai said, how fuld our lyff endur?
Be fortune, armyfs has left hym in thrillage: 165

Lefand

Lefand as now a chyftan had we nane,
Durft tak on hand, bot zong Wallace alane :
Yis land is loft, he caught is in ye fnar,
Prophefye out Scotland is left in cayr.
Barrell heryng and wattir yai him gaive, 170
Quhar he was fet into yat ugly caive ;
Sic fude for hym was febil to commend.
Yan faid he yus, all weild and God refaive,
My petows fpreit and faule amang ye laive ;
My carneill lyff I may nocht yus defend, 175
Our few Sotheroune on to ye dede I drawe,
Quhen so yow will out of yis warld I wend,
Gif I fuld now in prefoune mak ane end.
Eternaile God quhy fuld I yis wayis de,
Syne my beleiff all haile remaynis in ye : 180
At yin awne will full worthely was wrocht,
Bot yow redeme na lyff yai ordand me,
Gastlye fadyr yat dyet apon ye tre,
Fra hellis prefoune with yi blude us bocht,
Quhi will yow giff ye handis wark for nocht, 185
And mony worthi into gret payne we fe,
For off my lyff ellys nothing I rought.
O wariede fuerd, of tempyr nevir trew,
Yi fruschand blaid in prefoune fone me threw :
And Inglifmen our littill harm has tayne ; 190
Off us yai haiff undoyne ma yan ynew ;
My faithfull fadyr difpitfully yai flew,
My brodyr als, and gud men mony ane.
Is this ye dait fall yai ourcome ilk ane ?
On our kynrent, deyr God, quhen will yow rew, 195
Sen

Sen my power yus fedanlye is gayne.

A worthi Scotts, almychty God yow leid,

Sen I no mor in wyage may yow speid;

In presoune heir me worthis to myscheyff.

Sely Scotland, yat of helpe has gret neide,

200

Yi natioune all standis in a felloune dreide.

Off wardlienes all yus I tak my leiff;

Off yair paynis God lat you nevir preiff,

Thocht I for wo all out of witt fuld weid,

Now oythir gyft I may none to you gyff.

203

O der Wallace, umquhill was stark and stur,

Yow most o neide in presoune till endur.

Yi worthi kyn may nocht ye faiff for gold.

Ladys wepyt, yat was bath mylde and mur,

In fureous payne, ye modyr yat ye bur:

210

For yow till hyr was fer derer yan gold.

Hyr maist desyr was to be undyr mold.

In wardlynes quhy fuld ony ensur?

For you was formyt forsyne on ye feld.

Compleyne Santts yus as yowr sedull tellis,

215

Compleyne to hewin with wordis yat nocht fellis,

Compleyne yowr woice unto ye God abuffe,

Compleyne for hym into yat fitfull fellis,

Compleyne hys payne in dolour yus yat dwellis,

In languor lyis, for losyng off yair luff,

220

Hys fureous payne was felloune for to pruff.

Compleyne also, yhe birds, blyth as bellis,

Sum happy chance may fall for your behuff.

Compleyne, lordis, compleyne, yhe ladyis brycht,

Compleyne for hym yat worthi was and wycht,

225

Off

Off Saxons sonnys sufferyt full mekill der.
Compleyne for hym was yus in prefone dycht,
And for na caufs, bot, Scotland, for yi rycht.
Compleyne also, yhe worthi men of wer,
Compleyne for hym yat was your aspre sper, 230
And to ye deid fell Sotheroune zhit he dicht;
Compleyne for hym your treumphe had to ber.
Elvinus was hys mastir Geyeler now,
In Inglifmen, allace, quhi fuld we trew,
Our worthi kyn haiff payned on yis wys? 235
Sic reulle be rycht is littill allow,
Me think we fuld in barrace mak yaim bow
At our power, and so we do feill fyfs.
Off yar dangir God mak us for to ryfs,
Yat weille has wrocht befor yir tymis, and now, 240
For yai wyrk ay to wayt us with suppryfs.
Quhat fuld I mor of Wallace turment tell,
Ye flux he tuk into yat prefone fell,
Ner to ye dede he was likly to drawe.
Yai chergyt ye Geyeler nocht on hym to duell, 245
Bot bryng hym up out of yat ugly fell
Till jugifment, quhar he fuld thoill ye law.
Yis man went doune, and sedanly he saw,
As to hys fycht dede had hym swappyt snell,
Syn said to yaim, he has payit at he aw. 250
Quhen yai presumyt he fuld be werray deide,
Yai gart ferwandys withoutyn langer pleid,
With schort awifs on to ye wall hym bar,
Yai kest hym owr out of yat bailfull steid,
Of hym yai trowit fuld be na mar ramede, 255

In a draff mydden, quhar he remanyt yar,
Hys fyrst Norys of ye Newtoun of Ayr,
Till hym sche come, quhilk was full weille of reid,
And thyggyt leiff away with hym to fayr.
Into gret ire yai grantyt hir to go. 260
Sche tuk hym up withoutyn wordis mo,
And on a carr unlikely yai hym cast.
Attour ye wattir led hym with gret woo,
Till hyr awn houfs withoutyn ony hoo.
Sche warmyt wattir, and hyr serwands fast 263
Hys body wousche, quhill filth was of hym past.
Hys hart was wycht, and flykerit to and fro,
Als hys twa eyne he kest up at ye last.
Hys fostyr modyr lowed hym our ye laiff,
Dyd mylk to warme, hys leff giff sche mycht faiff; 270
And with a spayn gret kyndnes to hym kyth.
Hyr Dochtir had of xii weeks old a knyff,
Hyr Child's pape in Wallace mouth sche gaiff.
Ye womannys mylk recomford hym full swyth,
Syn in a bed yai brocht hym fair and lyth. 275
Rycht couertly yai kepe hym in yat caiff,
Hym for to saive so secretlye yai mycht.
In yar chawmyr yai kepyt hym yat tyde,
Sche gart graith up a burd be ye houfs fyde,
With carpetts cled, and honoryt with gret lychht;
And for the woice in euery place fuld bide,
At he was dede, out throuch ye land so wide,
In presence ay sche wepyt undir flycht,
Bot gudely meyts sche graithit hym at hyr mycht.
And so besel into yat samyn tyd, 283

Quhill forthirmar at Wallace worthit wycht.

Thomas Remour into the ayle was yan
With ye ministir, quhilk was a worthi man.

He usyt offt to yat religious place.

The peple demyt of witt mekill he can, 290

And so he told, thocht at yai blifs or ban,

Quhilk hapnyt suth in mony diueris case,

I can nocht say, be wrang, or rychtwysnes,

In reulle of wer, quhider yai tynt or wan,

It may be demyt be diuifioun of grace. 295

Yat man yat day had in ye market bene,

Of Wallace knew yis cairfull cas-so kene.

Hys mastyr speryt quhat tythings at he saw

Yis man answeryt, of littill hard I meyn,

Ye ministir said, it has bene seildyn seyn, 300

Quhar Scotts and Inglis semblyt bene on raw,

Was nevir zhit, als fer as we coud knaw,

Bot oyir a Scott wald do a Sotheroune teyn,

Or he till hym, for awentur mycht faw.

Wallace, he said, ye wist tayne in yat steide, 305

Out our ye wall I saw yaim cast hym deide,

In presoune famyft for fawt of fude.

Ye mynistir said, with hart heivy as leid,

Sic deide to yaim, me think, suld forstyr feid,

For he was wycht, and cummyn of gentil blude. 310

Thomas answerd, yir tythings ar nocht gud,

And yat be suth, myself fall neuir eit breid,

For all my witt her schortlye I conclud.

A woman syne of ye Newtoun of Ayr,

To hym sche went fra he was fallyn yar, 315

And

And on hir kneis rycht lawly yaim befocht,
 To purchefs leiff ſche mycht yns with hym fayr.
 In lychtlynefs tyll hyr yai grant to fayr.
 Our ye wattir on till hyr houfs hym brocht,
 To beryfs hym als gudlye as ſche mocht. 320
 Zhit Thomas ſaid, yan ſall I leiff na mar,
 Giff yat be trow, begun, yat all has wrocht
 Ye myniſter herd quhat Thomas ſaid in playne,
 He chargyt hym yan, go ſpeid ze faſt agayne
 To yat ſamyn houfs, and werralye aſpye. 325
 Ye man went furth, at bydding was full vayn,
 To ye new toune to paſs he did hys payne,
 To yat ilk houfs, and went in ſedanlye;
 About he blent on to ye burd hym bye.
 This woman raifs, in hart ſche was fayn. 330
 Quha aw yis lik he bad hyr not deny.
 Wallace, ſche ſaid, yat full worthi has beyne.
 Than wepyt ſche, yat pete was to ſeyne.
 Ye man yar to gret credens gaif he nocht.
 Towart ye burd he bowned as he war teyne. 335
 On kneis ſche felle, and cryit, for mayre ſcheyne,
 Let ſlandyr be and flemyt out of your thocht.
 This man hyr ſwour, be hym yat all has wrocht,
 Mycht I hym anys ſe on lyff with myne eyn,
 He ſuld be ſaiſſ, thocht Ingland had hym ſocht. 340
 Sche had hym up to Wallace by the deſs,
 He ſpak with hym, ſyne faſt agayne can preſs
 With glaid bodword, yair myrthis till amend.
 He tald to yaim ye firſt tythings was leſs.
 Yan Thomas ſaid, forſuth, or he deceſs, 345

Mony thousand on feild fall mak yar end,
Off yis regioun he fall ye Sotherounne send,
And Scotland thryfs he fall bryng to the pefs,
So gud of hand agayne fall nevir be kend.
A worthi mon, yat has gud witt to waille, 250
Bewar yat ye do nocht myffdeyme my taille.
Perchance ze say, yat Bruce he was nane sic.
He was als gud, quhat deide was to assaill,
As off hys handis and baulder in battaill.
Bot Bruce was knawn weyll ayr of yis Kynryk, 355
For he had rycht, we call no man hym lyk.
Bot Wallace thrifs yis Kynryk conquest haille,
In Ingland fer socht battaill on yat ryke.
I will ratorn to my mater agayne,
Quhen Wallace was ralefched of hys payne; 360
Ye cuntre demyde haille yat he was dede,
Hys dereft kyn wyft nocht of hys ramede.
Bot haile he was, likly to gang and ryde.
Into yat place he wald na langer byde.
Hys trow kepar he send to Elrifle, 365
Eftir hym yar he durft nocht lat hyr be,
Hyr dochtir, als hyr serwand, and hyr child,
He gart yaim pafs on to hys modyr myld.
Quhen yai war gayne na wapynys yar he saw.
To helpe hym with, quhat awentur mycht befaw. 370
A roufty fuerd in a noik he saw stand,
Withoutyn belt, but bos, bukler, or band,
Lang tyme befor it had beyne in yat steide,
An agyt man it left quhen he was deide.
He drew ye blaid, he fand it wald bitt weille, 375

Thocht it was foull nobill it was of steille.
 God help hys man, for yow fall go with me
 Quhill bettir cum will God full sone may be.
 To Schyr Ranald as yan he wald not fair,
 In yat passage offt Sotheroune maid repair. 380
 At Ricardtoun full fayne he wald haiff beyne,
 To get hym hors and pairt of armour scheyne.
 On thedyrwart as he bownyt to fayr,
 Thre Inglisemen he met ridand till Ayr,
 In yair wiage at Glaskow furth had beyne. 385
 Ane Langcastell yat cruell was and keyne,
 A bauld squier, with hym gud zemen twa.
 Wallace drew by, and wald haiff lattyn yaim ga.
 Till hym he raid, and said dispitefully,
 You Scott, abyde, I trow ye be some spy, 390
 Or ellys a theyff, fra presens wald ye hid.
 Yan Wallace said, with sobyr words, yat tid,
 Schyr I am seik, for Godds luff latt me ga,
 Langcastell said, for suth it beis no fa,
 A felloun freik you semys in ye fayr, 395
 Quhill men ye knaw, yow fall with me till Ayr,
 Hynt out hys fuerd yat was of nobill hew,
 Wallace, with yat, at hys lychting, hym drew,
 Apon ye crag with hys fuerd has hym tayne,
 Throw brayne and seyne in sondyr straik ye bane. 400
 Be he was fallyn, ye twa yan lychtyt down,
 To wenge hys dede to Wallace maid yaim boun.
 Ye tayne of yaim apon ye hed he gaiff,
 Ye roufty blaid to ye schulders hym claiff;
 Ye toyrir fled, and durst na langer byde, 405

With a rude step Wallace coud eftir glyde,
Out throuch hys rybbis a fekar fraik drew he,
Quhill leuir and lunggs men mycht all redy fe.
Yar horfs he tuk, bathe wapynys and armour,
Syne thankyt God with gud hart in yat ftour. 410
Syluir yai had, all with hym has he tayne,
Hym to fupport, for fpending had he nayne.
Into gret haift he raid to Ricardtoun,
A blythe femblay was at hys lychtand donne.
Quhen Wallace met with Schyr Richart ye knycht, 415
For hym had mournit quhill febill was hys mycht.
Hys thre fonnys of Wallace was full fayne;
Yai held hym loft, zhitt God hym fawth agayne.
Hys Eyme Schyr Ranald to Ricardtoun come faft,
Ye wemen told, by Corlby as yai paf, 420
Off Wallace efehaipe, fyne yar wiage zeid.
Schyr Ranald zhit was in a felloun dreid,
Quhill he hym faw in hart he thocht full lang,
Than fedanlye in armys he couth hym fand;
He mycht not fpek, but kifed hym tenderlye, 425
Ye knychts fpreit was in an extafye,
Ye blythe ters ye bryft fro hys eyne two,
Or yat he fpak, a lang tyme held hym fo,
And at ye laft rycht freindfully faid he,
Welcum Neuo, welcum der sone to me, 430
Thankit be he yat all yis warld has wrocht,
Yus fairlye ye has out of prefoune brocht.
Hys modyr come, and othyr friends enew,
With full glaid will, to feil ye tithings true.
Gud Robert Boyd, yat worthi was and wycht, 435
Wald

Wald nocht yaim trew, quhill he hym saw with sycht.
Fra syndry part yai focht to Ricardtoun,
Feill worthi folk, yat war of gret renoun.
Yus leiff I yaim in myrth, blifs, and plesance,
Thankand gret God off hys fre happy chance. 240

EXPLICIT LIBER SECUNDUS

ET INCIPIT TERTIUS.



THE
L I F E
O F
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, &c.

B O O K III.

Battle at Loudon Hill—Wallace in Clyde's Wood—The
English make Peace—Wallace Kills a Buckler Player at
Air.

IN joyowfs July, quhen ye flours fute,
 Degefteable, engenered throw ye heet,
 Bathe erbe and froyte busk and bowis braid,
 Habundandlye in euery flonk and fleid;
 Als beftiall, yair rycht courfs till endur, 5
 Weyle helpyt ar be wyrken of natur,
 On fute and weynge ascendand to ye hycht,
 Conferwed weill be ye makar of mycht,
 Fyſcheis in flude reſectit realye
 Till mannys fude, ye warld fuld occupy. 10
 Bot Scotland fa was waitit mony day
 Throch war, ſic ſkaith, at labour was away.
 Wictaill worth ſcant or Auguſt coud apper,
 Throch all the land, yat fude was happnyt der:
 Bot

Bot Inglismen, yat richefs wantyt nane, 15
Be caryage brocht yair wictaill fude gud wayne,
Stuffyt houffis with wyn and gud wernage,
Demaynde yis land as yair awne heretage,
Ye Kynryk haile yai rawllit at yair will.
Messyngers yan sic tythings bröcht yaim till, 20
And tald Perfyne, yat Wallace leffand war,
Off hys eschape fra yair presoune in Ayr.
Yai trowit rycht weille he passyt was yat steid,
For Langcastell and hys twa men was deid.
He trowit ye chance yat Wallace so was past. 25
In ilka part yai war gretly agast,
Throch prophefye yat yai had herd befor.
Lord Perfyne said, quhat neds words mor;
Bot he be cessit he fall do gret merwaill;
It war ye best for King Edward's awaill, 30
Mycht he hym get to be hys stedfast man,
For gold or land, hys conquest mycht lest yan;
Me think be foris he may nocht gottyn be,
Wyffmen ye suth be hys eschape may se.
Yus deyme hym in mony diueris cas. 35
We leiff yaim her, and speik furth of Wallace.
In Ricardtoun he wald no langer byde,
For freinds consaill, nor thing yat mycht betyde.
And quhen yai saw yat it awailit nocht,
Hys purpos was to wenge hym all he mocht, 40
On Sotheroune blude, quhilk has hys eldris flayne,
Yai latt hym wyrk hys awn will into playne.
Schyr Richart had thre sonnys, as I yow tald,
Adam, Richart, and Symone yat was bald;

Adam

Adam eldest was growand in curage, 45

Forthward, rycht fayr, xviii zer of age,

Large of persone, baith wyfs, worthi and wycht,

Gud King Robert in hys tyme maid hym Knycht ;

Lang tyme eftir in Bruces wers he baid

On Inglisfen mony gud iourne maid 50

Yis gud Squeir with Wallace bownd to ryde

And Robert Boid quhilk wald na langer byde,

Undir thrillage of segs of Ingland.

Till yat fals King he nevir had maid band,

Kneland was yar, ner cufyng to Wallace, 55

Syne baid with hym in mony peralowfs place ;

And Edward Litill hys systirs sone so der,

Full weille graithit intill yair armour cler.

Wyth yair ferwands fra Ricardtoune yai raid

To Mawchlyne mur, and yar schort tyme abaide ; 60

For freinds yaim tauld, was bound undir trewage ;

That Fenwick was for Perfyys caryage,

Within schort tyme he will bring it to Ayr

Out of Carleile, he had refawyt it yar.

Yat plesyt Wallace in hys hart gretumlye, 65

Witt ye yai war a full glaid cumpanye.

Towart Lowdoun yai bownyt yaim to ryde,

And in a schaw, a littill yar besyde,

Yai lugyt yaim, for it was ner ye nycht,

To wache ye way als besyly as yai mycht. 70

A trew Scott quhilk hosteler houfs yair held,

Under Loudon, as my author me teld,

He saw yam come, fyne went to yaim in hye,

Bathe meite and drynk he brocht full priwale,

And

And to yaim tald ye carrage into playne, 75
 Yair for rydar was past till Ayr agayne,
 Left yaim to cum with power of gret waille,
 Yai trowit be yan yai war in Awendaille.
 Wallace yan said, we will nocht foior her,
 Nor change no weid, bot ouir ilk dayis ger. 80
 At Corssinton ye gait was spilt yat tyde,
 For yai yat way behowid yaim for to ryde.
 Ay fra ye tyme yat he of presoune ferr,
 Gud soummir weide dayly on hym he werr,
 Gud lycht harnes, fra yat tyme, usyt he euir, 85
 For fedeyn stryff fra it he wald nocht feuir.
 A habergeon undyr hys goune he war,
 A steyle capleyne in hys bonet but mar;
 Hys glowis of plait in claith war couerit weille,
 In hys doublet a clofs coler of steyle; 90
 Hys face he kepyt, for it was euer bar,
 With hys twa hands, ye quhilk full worthi war.
 Into hys weid, and he come in a thrang,
 Was na man yan on fute mycht with hym gang.
 So growane in pith, off pouer stark and stur, 95
 Hys terribill dynts war awfull till endur.
 Yai trast mar in Wallace hym allane,
 Yan in a hundreth mycht be of Ingland tane.
 Ye worthi Scotts maid yar no foiorning,
 To Lowdoune hill past in gray dawning, 100
 Dewysit ye place, and putt yair horsis yaim fra,
 Thocht to wyn, or neuir yus to ga,
 Send twa thowrrours to wesfy weylle ye playne;
 Bot yai rycht sone raturnde in agayne,

To Wallace tald yat yai wer comand fast, 105
Than yai to grounde all kneland at ye last,
With humbill harts prayit all yair mycht,
To God abowne to help yaim in yar rycht ;
Yan graithit yai yaim till harnes hastely,
Yar fenzeit nane of yat gud chewalrye. 110
Yan Wallace said, her was my fadyr slayne,
My brodyr als, quhilk dois me mekill payne,
So fall myself, or wengyt be bot dreid,
Ye traytour is her causis was of yat deid.
Yan hicht yai all to byde with hartlie will. 115
Be yat ye power was takand Loudoun hill.
Ye Knycht Fenweik convoyed ye caryage,
He had on Scotts maid mony schrewde wiage.
Ye sone was ryfyn our lands schenand brycht,
Ye Inglis men so yai come to ye ycht, 120
Ner yaim he raid and sone the Scotts saw,
He tald hys men, and said to yaim on raw,
Yhonne is Wallace, yat chapyt our prifoune,
He fall agayne be drawyn throw ye toune ;
Hys hede I waite, mycht mar weille, ples ye King, 125
Yan gold, or land, or ony wardly thing.
He gart serwands byde with ye cariage still ;
Yai thocht to dauntyt ye Scotts at yar will.
Nyne score he led in harnes burnyft brycht,
And fyfty was with Wallace in ye rycht. 130
Unraboytyt ye Sothroune was in wer,
And fast yai cum feill awfull in affer.
A maner dyk of stanys yai had maid,
Narrowyt yai way quharthrow yai thikar raid.

Ye Scotts on fute tuk ye feld yaim befor, 135
 Ye Sothroune saw ye currage was ye mor;
 In prydefull ire yai thocht our yaim to ryde,
 Bot othyrwyfs it hapnyt in yat tyde.
 On aither fyde togeddyr fast yai glaid,
 Ye Scotts on fute gret rowme about yaim maid, 140
 With ponzeand spers throuch plats prest of steille,
 Ye Inglisemen yat thocht to wenge yaim weille,
 On harnyft horfs about yaim rudely raide,
 Yat with unefs apon yair feit yai baide,
 Wallace ye formast in ye byrneis bar, 145
 Ye grounden sper throuch hys body schar,
 Ye shafft to schonkit off ye fruschand tre,
 Dewoydyde sone, sen na bettir mycht be;
 Drew fuerds syne, bathe hewy scharp and lang,
 On aither fyde full cruelly yai dang. 150
 Fechtand at anys into yat felloun dout,
 Yan Inglisemen inwerond yaim about,
 By force etlyt throuch out yaim for to ryde.
 The Scotts on fute yat baldly couth abyde,
 With fuerds schar throuch habergeons full gude, 155
 Apon ye flours schot ye schonkan blude,
 Fra horfs and men throw harnyfs burnyft beyne,
 A fair failzie forfuth yair mycht be feyne,
 Yai traistyt na lyff bot ye lettir end,
 Off sa few folk, gret nobilnes was kend, 160
 Togydder baid defendan yaim full fast,
 Durst nane feuer quhill ye maist pres was past.
 Ye Inglisemen, yat besy was in wer,
 Be forfs ordand in sondyr yaim to ber:

Yair cheyff Cheftyan feryt als feris as fyre, 165

Throw matelent, and werray propir ire,

On a gret horſs, intill hys glittrand ger,

In fewtir keſt a fellounne aspre ſper,

Ye Knycht Fenweik yat cruell was and keyne,

He had at dede of Wallace fadyr beyne, 170

And hys brodyr yat douchty was and der,

Quhen Wallace ſaw yat falſs knycht was ſo ner,

Hys corage grew in ire as a lyounne,

Till hym he ran and fell frekis bar he doune;

As he glaid by awkwart he couth him ta, 175

The and arſon in ſondyr gart he ga;

Fra ye courſour he fell on ye fer ſyde,

Wyth a ſtyff ſuerd Boyd ſtekyt hym yat tyde.

Or he was dede, ye gret preſs come ſo faſt,

Our hym to grounde yai bur Boyd at ye laſt. 180

Wallace was ner, and ratornde agayne

Hym to reſkew, till yat he raiſs of ye playne

Mychtly hym wor quhill he a ſuerd had tane,

Throw out ye ſtur yir twa in feyr ar gayne.

The remanand apon yaim ſolowit faſt, 185

In yar paſſage fell Sothroune maid agaſt.

Adam Wallace, ye ayr of Ricardtoun,

Straik ane Bewmound, a ſqueir of renoun,

On ye pyſſan, with hys hand burnyſt bar,

Ye thruſande blaid hys halſs in ſondyr ſchar. 190

Ye Ingliſſmen, thocht yar Cheyftan was ſlayne,

Bauldly yai baid, as men mekill of mayne.

Rech horſs repende rouſchede frekis undir feit,

Ye Scotts on fute gert mony loiſs ye ſuete.

Wycht men lychtit yaimself for to defend, 195
 Quhar Wallace come yair deid was litill kend,
 Ye Sothroune part so frusched was yat tyde,
 Yat in ye stour yai mycht na langar byde.
 Wallace in deide he wrocht so worthely,
 Ye Squeir Boid, and all yair chewalrie, 200
 Littill, Kneland, gert off yair enemyfs de.
 Ye Inglisfen tuk playnly part to fle,
 On horffis sum, to strenthis part can found
 To foccour yaim, with mony werkand wound.
 A hundreth dede in feild was lewyf yar, 205
 And thre yemen yat Wallace menyde mar,
 Twa war of Kyle, and ane of Cunyngayme,
 With Robert Boid to Wallace com fra hayme.
 Four fcor fled, yat chapyt on ye south fyde.
 Ye Scotts, in place yat bauldly couth abyde, 210
 Spolzied ze feild, gat gold and oyir ger,
 Harnes and horfs, quhilk yai myffrit in wer.
 The Inglis knawis yai gart yair caryage leid
 To Clyds forest; quhen yai war out of dreid,
 Yai band yaim fast with wedeis sad and far, 215
 On bowand treis hangyit yaim rycht yar,
 He fparyt nane yat abill was to wer,
 Bot wemen and preyftis he gart yaim ay forber.
 Quhen yus doyne, to yair denyr yai went,
 Off stuff and wyne yat God had to yaim fent. 220
 Ten fcor yai wan of horfs yat cariage bur,
 With flour and wyne as mekill as yai mycht fur,
 And oyir stuff yat yai off Carleile led.
 Ye Sothroune part out off ye feild yat fled,

With

With forow focht to ye Castell of Ayr, 225
Befor ye lord, and tauld hym off yair cayr,
Quhat gud yai loft, and quha in feild was slayne,
Throw wycht Wallace yat was mekill of mayne,
And quhow he had gart all yair serwands hang.
Ye Persye said, and yat squeir left lang, 230
He shall us exille out of yis contre cleyne,
Sa dispytfull in wer was neuir seyne.
In our presoun her last quhen yat he was,
Our slouthfully our kepars lett hym pass.
Yis stuff our land I fynde may nocht weille be, 235
We mon ger bryng our wittaill be ye se :
Bot losf our mēn it helpis us rycht nocht,
Yair kyne may ban yat euir we hyddyr focht.
Latt I yaim yus, blamand yair fōry chance,
And mar to spek of Scotts men gouernance. 240
Quhen Wallace had weyll wenquift to ye playne,
Ye fals terand yat had hys fadyr slayne,
Hys brodyr als quhilk was a gentill knycht,
Oyir gud men befor to dede yai dycht,
He gert dewifs, and provide yair wictaille ; 245
Baith stuff and horsf yat was of gret awaille,
To freinds about priwalye yai send,
Ye remanand full glaidlye yar yai spend.
In Clyds wode yai sojournyt xx dayis,
Na Sothroune yat tyme was persawyt in yar wayis, 250
Bot he tholyt dede yat come in yar danger,
Ye worde of hym walkyt baith fer and ner.
Wallace was knawin on lyff leyffand in playne,
Yocht Inglisfmen yarroff had gret payne.

Ye Erle Perfyte to Glasgow couth he fair, 253
With wyfs lords and held a confell yair.
Quhen yai war mett, weylle ma na x thowfand,
Na Chyftan was yat tyme durft tak on hand,
To lede ye range on Wallace to affaill.
He fperyt about, quhat was ye beft confaill. 260
Schyr Amar Wallange, a falſs traytour ſtrange,
In Bothweill duelt, and yar was yaim amange,
He ſaid, my lord, my confaill will I giff,
Bot ye do it, fra ſcaith ye may nocht ſcheyff,
Zhe mon tak peſs, without mar tarying, 265
As for a tyme we may ſent to ye King.
Ye Perfyte ſaid, of owr trewis he will nane,
Ane awfull Chyftan trewly he is ane,
He will do mar, in faith, or yat he blyne;
Sothroune to fla he thynks it na fyne. 270
Schyr Amar ſaid, trewis it words tak,
Quhill eftir for hym prowifionne we may mak;
I know he will do mekill for hys kyne,
Sentrys and trewth ay refts hym within.
Hys uncle Schyr Ranald may mak yis band; 275
Gyff he will not, racunnyſs all hys land
On to ye tyme yat he yis werk haiff wrocht.
Schyr Ranald was ſone to yat confell brocht;
Yai chargyt hym to mak Wallace at peſs,
Or he ſuld paſs to Londone withowtyn leſs. 280
Schyr Ranald ſaid, lords, yhe know yis weille,
At my cummande he will not do a deille,
Hys worthi kyn diſpitouſly ze flew,
In preſoune fyne ner to ye dede hym threw;

He

He is at large, and will nocht do for me, 285
Thoch ye yarfor, rycht now suld ger me de.
Schyr Amar said, yar lords sone fall send
On to ye King, and mak a final end,
Off hys conquest, forfuth he will it haiff,
Wallace na yow ma nocht yis Kynryk saiff. 290
Mycht Edward King get hym, for gold or land,
To be hys man, yan suld he bruk Scotland.
Ye lords bade cefs, yow excedes to yat knyght
For mair be trewth yan it is ony rycht;
The wrange conquest our King desirs ay, 295
On hym or us it fall be feyne some day.
Wallace has rycht, baith foris and fayr fortune,
Ze hard quhow he eschapyt our presounne,
Yus sayd yat Lord, syne prayit Schyr Ranald fair,
To mak yis pefs, yow Schirreff art of Air, 300
As for a tyme we may awisyt be,
Undyr my seyllle I fall be bound to ye
For Inglisimen, yat yai fall do hym nocht,
Nor to no Scotts lefs it be on yaim socht.
Schyr Ranald yocht he mycht yaim not ganestand, 305
Off Lorde Persye he has refawyt yis band.
Persyes war trew, and ay off full gret waill,
Sobyr in pefs, and cruell in battaill.
Schyr Ranald bownde apon, ye morn but baid,
Wallace to seke in Clyds forest braid; 310
So he hym fand bownand to hys dyner.
Quhen yai had feyne yis gud knyght was so ner,
Weylle he hym knew, and tauld yaim quhat he was,
Merwaille he had quhat gart hym hyddir pass,

Maide hym gud cheyr of meytts fresche and fyne, 313
King Edwards self coud nocht get bettir wyne
Yan yai had yar, warnage and wenyfoune
Off bestiall into full gret fusioune.
Syne eftir meit, he schew yaim off hys deide,
Quhow he had beyne into sa mekill dreide. 320
Now, he said, wyrk part of my confaill,
Tak pefs a quhill, as for ye mair awaill,
Bot yow do so, forfuth yow dois gret fyne,
For yai ar sett till undo all yi kyne.
Yan Wallace said, till gud men hym about, 325
I will na pefs for all yis felloune dout,
Bot giff it ples bettir to yow yan me.
Ye Squeir Boyde hym anfueryt soberlye,
I giff confaill, or yis gud knycht be flayne,
Tak pefs a quhill, suppos it do us payne. 330
So said Adam ye ayr of Ricardtoune,
And Kneland als grantyt to yair opynyoun.
With yair consent Wallace yis pefs has tayne,
As hys Eyme wrocht, till ten moneth war gayne. 335
Yair leyff yai tuk, with conforde into playn,
Santt Jhone to borche yai fuld meyt haille agayn.
Boyde and Kneland past to yar plac's hame,
Adam Wallace to Ricardtoun by nayme,
And Wilzham furth till Schyr Ranald can ryde,
And hys housshald, in Corsby fer to byde. 340
Yis pefs was cryede in August moneth myld;
Yhet God of battaill furius and wyld,
Mars and Juno ay dois yair besynes,
Causers of wer wyrkars of wykitnes;

And

And Venus als ye goddeſs of luſt, 345
Wycht ald Saturn hys courſis till appruff;
Yis four ſcanſyte of diuerſs complexioun,
Battaill, debait, inwy, and deſtructione,
I can nocht deyme for yair melancoly.
Bot Wallace weille coud not in Corſby ly, 350
Hym had leuir in trawaill for to be,
Rycht far he langyt ye toune of Ayr to ſe.
Schyr Ranald paſt fra hame apon a day.
Fyfteyne he tuk, and to ye toune went yai,
Coweryt hys face, yat na man mycht hym knaw, 355
Nothing hym roucht how few ennymys hym ſaw.
In ſobyre weide diſgyft weill war yai.
Ane Ingliſman, on ye gait ſaw he play
At ye ſcrymmags a Bukler on hys hand.
Wallace ner by in ſalouſchipe couth ſtand. 360
Lychtly he ſperde, quhi, Scott, dar yow nocht preiff?
Wallace ſaid, za, ſa yow wald gif me leiſſ.
Smyt on, he ſaid, I deſy yne actioun.
Wallace yarwith has tane hym on ye crowne,
Throuch bukler, hand, and ye harn pan alſo, 365
To ye Schuldirs ye ſcharp fuerd gert he go.
Lychtly raturnd till hys awne men agayne.
Ye wemen cryede, our Bukler Player is ſlayne.
Ye man was dede quhat neds words mair.
Feille men of armys about hym ſemblyt yair, 370
Sewen ſcor at anys agayne xvi war ſett:
Bot Wallace ſone weill with ye formeſt mett,
With ire and will on ye hede haſ hym tayne,
Throch ye brycht helm in ſondyr byrſt ye bayne.

Ane oythir braithlye on ye breyft he bar, 375
Hys burnyft blaid throuhout ye body fchar.
Gret rowme he maid, hys men war fechtand fast,
And mony a growme yai maid full fair agast;
For yai war wycht, and weille ufyt in wer,
Off Inglifmen rycht bauldly doune yai ber. 380
On yair enemyfs gret martyrdome yai mak,
Yair hardy Chyftan fo weille couth undyrtak,
Quhat Inglifman yat baid into hys gait,
Contrar Scotland maid neuir mar debait.
Felle frekis on fold war fellyt undyr feit, 385
Off Sothroune blude lay ftekyt in ye freit.
New powir come fra ye caftell yat tyde,
Yan Wallace dred, and drew towart afyde,
With gud will he wald efchewe fupprifs,
For he in wer was befy, wycht and wyfs. 390
Harnes and heds he hew in fondyr faft,
Be forfs out off ye thikeyt preyfs yai paf.
Wallace raturnyde behynde hys men agayne,
At ye refkew feile enymyfs has he flayn.
Hys men all famyn he out of perill brocht, 395
Fra hys enemyfs, for all ye powir yai mocht.
To yair horfs yai wan but mar abaide,
For danger yan to Laglayne wode yai raide,
Twenty and ten yai left into yat fteide
Off Sothroune men yat bertynit war to deide. 400
Ye ramaynand agayne turnyt yat tyde,
For in ye wode yai durft nocht hym abyde,
Towart ye toune yai drew with all yair mayne,
Curfand ye pefs yai tuk befor in playne.

Ye Lord Perfyne in hart was gretly grewyt, 405
Hys men suppryt agayne to hym relewyt,
And feille war dede into yair armour cler,
Thre of hys kyne yat war to hym full der.
Quhen he hard tell of yair gret grewance,
Yair selff was caufs of yis myschefull chance, 410
Murnyng he maid, thoch few Scotts it kend.
A herald yan to Schyr Ranald he fend,
And tald till hym of all yis feydand cas,
And chargyt hym tak fouerty of Wallace,
He fuld hym kepe fra marcate towne or fair, 415
Quhar he mycht best be out of yair rapair.
Ye Sothroune wyft yat it was wycht Wallace
Had yaim ourset into yat feydand cas:
Yair trewis for yis yai wald nocht brek adeill.
Quhen Wallace had yis chance eschewyt weille, 420
Apon ye nycht fra Lagleyne hayme he raid,
In Chammers sone yair residence yai maid.
Apon ye morn, quhen yat ye day was lycht,
Wycht Wallace went with Schyr Ranald ye knycht,
Schew hym ye wrytt Lord Perfyne had hym sent, 425
Der sone, he said, yis war my haille entent,
Yat yow wald grant, quhill yar trewis wor worn,
Na scaith to do till Inglisman yat is born,
Bot quhar I pass dayly yow bid with me.
Wallace anfueryt, gud Schyr, yat may nocht be, 430
Rycht laith I war, der uncle, yow to greiff,
I fall do nocht till tyme I tak my leyff,
And warn yow als or yat I fra yow pass,
Hys Eyme and he yus weille accordyt was,

Wallace

Wallace with hym maid hys continuance, 435
Ilk wyght was blyth to do to hym plesance,
In Corfby yus he refyd yaim amang
Yai xvi dayis, suppos hym thocht it lang.
Thocht yai mycht ples hym as a prince or king,
In hys mynde zhet remaynit anoyir thing. 440
He saw his enemyfs mastirs in yis regioun,
Mycht nochthym ples thocht he war king with crowne.
Yus leyff I hym with hys der freinds still,
Off Inglisfen of sum part spek I will.

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THE
L I F E
O F
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, &c.

BOOK IV.

Wallace Kills Peircie's Men in Lennox—Wins the Peel
of Gargunnoch—Goes to Menteith—To Methven—To
Perth—Wins Kinclavin—Skirmish of Shortwood-Shaws
—Wallace Sold by his Leman at Perth.

IN September, ye humyll moneth suette,
Quhen passyt by ye hycht was off ye hette,
Wictaill and froyte ar rpyt in abundance,
As God ordans to mannys gouernance.
Sagittarius with hys aspre bow, 5
By ye ilk syng weryte ye may know
Ye changying cours quhilk makis gret deference,
And lewyfs had lost yair colour of plesence.
All wardly thing has nocht bot a sefounce,
Baith erbe and froyte mon from hewyn cum doune. 10
In yis ilk tyme a gret consell was sett
Into Glaskow quhar mony mastris mett,
Off Inglis lords to statute yis cuntre,
Yan chargyt yai all schirreffs yar to be.

Schyr Ranald Crawford behowide yat tyme be yar, 15

For he throw rycht was born Schirreff of Ayr.

Hys der neuo yat tyme with hym he tuk,

Wilzham Wallace, as witnes bers ye buk;

For he na tyme suld be fra hys sycht,

He luffyt hym with hart and all hys mycht. 20

Yai graith yaim weille without langer abaid,

Wallace sum part befor ye court furth raid,

With hym twa men yat douchty war in deid,

Our tuk ye child Schyr Ranalds soume couth leid,

Saftlye yai raid quhill yai ye court suld knaw, 25

So sedaynly yat Hefilden he saw

Ye Perfyys sowme in quhilk gret riches was,

Ye horfs was tyryt, and mycht no fordyr pass.

Fyfe men was chargyt to kepe it weill yat tyde,

Twa was on fute and thre on horfs couth ryde 30

Ye maistir man at yir serwands can sper,

Quha aw yis sowme ye futh yow to me ler.

Ye man anfuerd withowtyn words mar,

My lords, he said, quhilk Schirreff is of Ayr.

Sen it is his hys horfs fall with us gang 35

To serwe our lord, or ellis me think gret wrang;

Thoch a subjet in deid wald pass hys lord,

It is not lewynt be na rychtwyfs racord.

Yai cutt ye brayfs and leyt ye harnesfaw.

Wallace was ner; quhen he sic reury saw, 40

He spak to yaim with manly contenance,

In fayr afforme, he said, but wariance,

Ze do us wrang and it in tyme of pefs

Off sic rubry was suffisance to cefs.

Ye

Ye Sothroune schrew in ire anfuerd hym to, 43
It fall be wrocht as yow may se us do,
Yow getts no mends, quhat wald yow words mar.
Sadly awisyt Wallace remembrith hym yar
On ye promys he maid hys Eyme befor ;
Refoune hym rewlyt, as yan he did na mor. 50
Ye horfs yai tuk for awentur mycht befall,
Laid on yair soume, fyne furth ye way couth call.
Yar tyrit sowmir so left yai into playne.
Wallace raturnyt towart ye court agayne,
In ye murfyde sone with hys Eyme he mett, 55
And tauld quhow yai ye way for hys men sett ;
And war nocht I was bonde in my legiance,
We partyt nocht yus for all ye gold in France ;
Ye horfs yai rest quhilk fuld your harnes ber.
Schyr Ranald said, yat is bot litill her, 60
We may get horfs and gud in playne,
And men be lost we get neuir agayne.
Wallace yan said, als wisely God me sawe
Off yis gret mys I fall amendis hawe,
And noyir latt for pefs na your plesance ; 65
With witnes her I giff up my legiance,
For cowartlye ye lik to tyne your rycht,
Yourselff sone syne to dede yai think to dycht.
In wraith yarwith away fra hym he went.
Schyr Ranald was wyfs, and trest in his entent, 70
And said I will byde at ye Mernys all nycht ;
So Inglisfen may deyme us no unrycht
Giff ony be deide befor us apon cas
Yat we in law may byde ye rychtwyffnes

Hys luyng tuk, still at ye Mernyfs baid, 75
 Full gret murning he for hys neuo maid :
 Bot all for nocht quhat mycht it hym awaill,
 As intill wer he wrocht not hys confaill.
 Wallace raid furth, with hym twa zemen past,
 Ye sowmer man he folowyt wondyr fast, 80
 Be eft Cathcart he our heyde yaim agayne ;
 Yan knew yai weille yat it was he in playne,
 Ye hors and weide, yat argownd yaim befor.
 Ye fyve to yaim retornde withouttyn mor.
 Wallace to ground fra hys courser can glyde, 85
 A burnyft brand he bradyt out yat tyde,
 Ye maistir man with sa gud will straik he,
 Baithe hatt and hede he gert in sondyr fle.
 Ane oyir fast apon ye face he gaiff,
 Till dede to ground, but mercy, he hym draiff. 90
 Ye thrid he hytt with gret ire in yat steid,
 Fey on ye feld he has hym left for deid.
 Wallace slew thre, by yat hys zemen wycht,
 Ye toyir twa derfly to dede yai dycht.
 Syne spoilzeid yai ye harnes or yai wend, 95
 Off siluer and gold aboundandlye to spend.
 Jowells yai tuk, yai best was chosyn yar,
 Gud hors and ger syne on yair wayis can fayr.
 Yan Wallace said, at sum strenth wald I be.
 Our Clyd yat tyme yar was a bryg of tre, 100
 Thyddir yai past in all yair gudlye mycht,
 Ye day was gayne, and cummyn was ye nycht.
 Yai durst nocht weille ner Glaskow still abyde,
 In ye Lennox he tuk purpofs to ryde,

And

And so he dyde, syne lugyt yaim yat nycht 105
As yai best moucht, quhill yat ye day was brycht.
Till ane oftrye he went, and soiorned yar
With trew Scotts, quhilk all hys freynds war.
Ye consaill mett rycht glaidly on ye morne,
Bot fell tythings war brocht Persye beforne, 110
Hys men war slayne, hys trefour als bereft
With fell Scotts, and yai na jowells left.
Yai demyde about of yat derff doutoufs cas,
Ye Sothronne said, forfuth it is Wallace.
Ye schirreffs court was cumand to the toune, 115
And he as ane for Scott of maist renoune.
Yai gert go feik Schyr Ranald in yat rage,
Bot he was yan zeit still at herbryage.
Sum wyfs men said, heroff nathing he kend,
Ye men war slayne rycht at ye tounis end. 120
Schyr Ranald come by ten houris of ye day,
Befor Persye yan feir men brocht war yai;
Yai folowit hym of felouny yat was wrocht.
Ye fifys of yis couth say to hym rycht nocht.
Yai demede about of yat feill sodeyne cas, 125
Befor ye juge yar he denyt Wallas;
And so he mycht, he wyft not quhar he was.
Fra yis consaill my purpofs is to pass,
Off Wallace spek, in wyldirnes so wyde,
Ye Eterne God hys gouvernour be and gyde. 130
Styll at ye place four dayis he soiornyt haille,
Quhill tythings come till hym fra yair consaill.
Yan statute yai, in ilk steide of ye west,
In yar boundis Wallace suld haiff no rest.

Hys der uncle gret ayth yai gert hym fuer, 135
Yat he but leiff fuld no freindschipe hym ber;
And mony oythir was full woo yat day.
Robert ye Boyde stall off ye toune hys way,
And Kneland als befor with hym had beyne.
Zai had leuir haif feyne hym with yair eyne, 140
Leyffand in lyff, as yai knew hym befor,
Yan of cler gold a fyne mylzone and mor.
Boide wepyt for, said, our Leidar is gayne,
Amang our fayis he is sett hym allayne.
Yan Kneland said, fals fortune changis fast, 145
Gret God sen we had euir with hym past.
Edward Litill in Annadyrdail is went,
And wait rycht nocht of yis newe jugement.
Adam Wallace baid still in Ricardtoun.
So fell yus with Wallace of renoune, 150
He with power partyt marwalully,
Be fortune chance ourturnys doubilly.
Yair petuoufs meyne as yan couth nocht be bett,
Yai wyft na wyt quhar yat yai fuld hym gett.
He left ye place, quhilk he in luyng lay, 155
To Erle Malcome he went apon a day.
Ye Lennox haile he had still in hys hand,
Till King Edward he had not yan maid band.
Yat land is strait, and maisterfull to wyn,
Gud men of armyfs yat tyme war it within. 160
Ye lord was traift, ye men sekyr and trew,
With waik power yai durft hym nocht perfew.
Rycht glaid he was of Wallace company,
Welcumyt hym fayr with workchipe reuerendfy,

At hys awne will defyrit, gyff he wald, 165
To byde yair still maistir off hys housshald,
Off all hys men he suld haille Chyftane be.
Wallace anfuerd, yat war yneuch for me,
I can not byde, my mynde is sett in playne
Wrokyn to be, or ellys de in ye payne; 170
Our west cuntre yar statute is sa strang,
Into ye north my porpos is to gang.
Stewyn of Irland yan in ye Lennox was
With wycht Wallace, he ordaynyt hym to pass,
And oyir als yat borne war of Argill. 175
Wallace still yair refedence maid a quhill,
Quhill men it wyft, and semblyt sone hym till,
He chargyt nane but at yair awn gud will;
For yai war strang, zeitt he couth nocht yaim dreid,
Bot refawit all in wers yaim to leid. 180
Sum part of yaim was into Irland borne,
Yat Makfadzan had exilde furth beforne,
King Edwards man he was suorn of England,
Off rycht law byrth suppos he tuk on hand.
To Wallace yar come ane yat hecht Fawdoun, 185
Melancoly he was of complexioun,
Hewey of statur, dour in hys contenance,
Sorrourfull, sadde, ay dreidfull but plesance.
Wallace refawit quhat man wald cum hym till,
Ye bodylye ayth yai maid hym with gud will 190
Befor the Erle, all with a gud accord,
And hym refawyt as Captane and yair Lord.
Hys special men, yat cum with hym fra haim,
Ye tane hecht Gray, ye toyir Kerle be naim,

In hys service come fyrst with all yair mayne, 195
 To Loudoun hill quhar yat Fenweik was slayne;
 He yaim cummandyt ay next hym to persew,
 For he yaim kend rycht hardye wyfs and trew.
 Hys leyff he tuk rycht on a fayr maner;
 Ye gud Erle yan he bad hym gyfts fer. 200
 Wallace wald nayne, bot gaiff off hys fell fyfe,
 To pair and rych, apon a gudlye wyfs.
 Humyll he was, hardy, wyfs and fre,
 As off rycheys he held na propyrte;
 Off honour, worfchipe, he was a merour kend, 205
 Als he off gold had boundandlye to spend.
 Upon hys fayis he wan it worthely.
 Yus Wallace past, and hys gud chewalry.
 Sexty he had off lykly men at wage,
 Throch ye Lennox he led yaim with curage. 210
 Abown Lekle he lugyt yaim in a waille.
 A strenth yair was quhilk yai thocht till affaill;
 On Gargownno was byggyt a small peill,
 Yat warnyft was with men and wittail weill,
 Within a dyke, bathe clos chawmer and hall; 215
 Captayne yaroff to nayme he hecht Thrilwall.
 Yai led Wallace quhar yat yis byggyng was
 He thocht to affaill it ferly or he wald pass.
 Twa spyys he fend to wesly all yat land,
 Rycht laithe he was ye thing to tak on hand, 220
 Ye quhilk, befors, yat fuld gang hym agayne,
 Leuir had he throw awentur be slayne.
 Yir men went furth as it was large mydnycht,
 About yat hous yai spyit all at rycht.

Ye Wachman was hewy fallen on fleipe, 225
Ye bryg was doune yat ye entre fuld keipe,
Ye lauborers lait raklellye went in
Yir men retornede, withoutyn noyefs or dyn,
To yair maistir, told hym as yai had seyne,
Than grathit fone yir men of armyfs keyne : 230
Sadlye on fute on to ye hous yai socht,
And entryt in, for lattyn fand yai nocht.
Wycht men assayed with all yair besy cur,
A loklate bar was drawyn ourthourth ye dur,
Bot yai mycht nocht it brek out of ye waw. 235
Wallace was grewyt quhen he sic tary saw,
Sum part amowed, wraithly till it he went,
Be forfs off hands he raist out of ye stent,
Thre zerde of breide als off ye wall puld out.
Yan merweld all hys men yat war about, 240
Quho he did mair yan xx off yaim mycht ;
Syne with hys fute ye zett he straik up rycht,
Quhill braifs and band to byrst all at anyfs.
Ferdely yai raifs, yat war into yai wanyfs.
The wachman had a felloun staff of steill, 245
At Wallace straik, bot he kepyt hym weill,
Rudely fra hym he rest it in yat thrang,
Dang out hys harnyfs, syne in ye dyk hym slang.
Ye remaynand be yat was on yair seit,
Yus Wallace fone can with ye capteyn meit, 250
Yat staff he had, heivy and forgyt new,
With it Wallace apon ye heide hym threw,
Quhill bayn and brayn all into sondyr zeid.
Hys men entryt, yat worthi war in deid,

In hands hynt, and stekit all ye laiff.

255

Wallace cummandede yai fuld na wer men faiff.

Twenty and twa yai stekyt in yat steid.

Wemen and barnys, quhen yat ye men war deid,

He gert be tayn, in clofs houfs kepyt weill,

So yai without yaroff mycht haiff no feill.

260

Yai dede bodyes yai put sone out of sycht,

Tuk up ye bryg or yat yai day was lycht.

In yat place baid four dayis or he wald pass,

Wyft nane without quhow yat yis matir was,

Spoilzeide yat steid, and tuk yaim ganand ger,

265

Jowells and gold away with yaim yai ber.

Quhen hym thocht tyme yai ischede on ye nycht,

To ye next wode yai went with all yir mycht.

Ye captenys wiff, wemen, and childer thre,

Pass quhar yai wald, for Wallace leit yaim be.

270

In yat forest he lykyt nocht to bide,

Yai bownyt yaim our Forth for to ryde.

Ye mofs was strang, to ryde yaim was na but.

Wallace was wycht and lychtyt on hys fute.

Few hors yai had, litill yaroff yai roucht,

275

To sawe yair lywis feille strenthis oft yai focht.

Stewyn of Irland he was yair gyd yat nycht

Towart Kincardyn, syne restyt yar at rycht

In a forest, yat was bathe lang and wyde,

Rycht fra ye mofs grew to ye wattir syde.

280

Eftre ye sone Wallace walkit about

Upon Teth syde, quhar he saw mony rout

Off myld bestis wawerand in wode and playn,

Sone at a schot a gret hart has he slayn.

Slew

Slew fyre on flynt, and graithit yaim at rycht, 285

Sedenlye yair fresche venesoun yai dycht.

Wittail yai had, bathe breid, and wyne so cler,

With oyr stuff yneuch at yair dyner.

Hys staff of steill he gaiff Kerly to kepe,

Syne passyt our Tethe wattir so depe; 290

Into Straithern yai entryit sedeynly,

In couert past, or Sotheroun suld yaim spy.

Quhen at yai fand of Scotlands Aduerfouris,

Without respyt cummyn was yair fatell houris.

Quham euir yai mett was at ye Inglis fay, 295

Yai slew all doune without langer delay.

Yai sparyt nane yat was of Inglis blude,

To dede he zeid thoe he war neuir so gude;

Yai sawit noyir knyght, squeir, nor knaiff.

Yis was ye grace yat Wallace to yaim gaiff; 300

Bot wastyt all be worthines of wer,

Off yat party yat mycht weild bow or sper.

Sum part be flycht, sum throw foris yai slew,

Bot Wallace thocht yai stroyit nocht halfenew.

Siluer yai tuk, and als gold yat yai fand, 305

Oyir gud ger full lychtly zeid be hand;

Cuttyt throtts, and into caivyfs yaim kest,

Put out of sycht, for yat hym thocht was best.

At yai Blackfurd, as at yai suld pass our,

A squeir come, and with hym bernys four. 310

Till Doun suld ryd and wend at yai had beyne

All Inglis men, at he befor had feyne,

Tithings to sper he howid yaim amang.

Wallace yarwith swyth with a suerd out swang,

Apon

Apon ye hede he straik with so gret ire, 315
Throw bayne and brayn in sondyr schar ye fwyr.
Ye tothir four in hands sone wer hynt,
Derfly to dede stekyt or yai wald stynt.
Yar hors yai tuk, and quhat yaim likit best,
Spoilzied yaim bar, syne in yē brook yaim kest. 320
Off yis mater no mar tary yai maid,
Bot furth yair way passit withouten baid.
Yir werlik Scotts all with one assent,
Northe fo our Erne throchowt ye land yai went.
In Messian wode yair luyng tuk yat nycht. 325
Upon ye morn, quhen it was dayis lycht,
Wallace rais up, went to the forest fyde,
Quhar yat he sawe full feill bestis abyde,
Off wylde and tayme walkand haboundandlye.
Yan Wallace said, yis contre likis me, 330
Wermen may do with fude at yai fuld haiff,
Bot want yai meit yai rak nocht off ye laiff.
Off dyet fayr Wallace tuk neuir keip,
Bot as it cum welcum was meit and sleip.
Sum quhill he had gret sufficiencye within, 335
Now want, now has, now los, now can win,
Now lycht, now sadd, now blisful, now in baill,
In haifte now hurt, now sorowfull, now haill,
Now weild and weylle, now cald weddyr, now heit,
Now moist, now drowth, now wawer and wynd, now
weit. 340
So ferd with hym for Scotlands rycht full ewyn,
In feyllle debait vi. zers and moneths sewyn.
Quhen he wan pefs, and left Scotland in playne,

Ye Inglisfen maid new conquest agayne.
In frustyr termys I will nocht tary lang. 345
Wallace agayn untill hys men can gang,
And said, her is a land of gret boundance,
Thankyt be God of hys hye perwyans,
Sewyn of yow fers graith sone, and ga with me,
Rycht for I lang Sanct Jhonstoune for to se; 350
Stewyn of Irland, als God of Hewyn ye saiff,
Maistir Leiddar I mak ye of ye laiff;
Kepe weill my men, latt nane out yi sycht,
Quhill I agayne fall cum with all my mycht;
Byde me sewyn dayis in yis forest strang, 355
Ze may get fud suppos I duell sa lang;
Sum part ze haiff, and God will fend us mair.
Yus turnyt he, and to ye toune couth fair.
Ye Mar kepyt ye port of yat willage
Wallace knew weill, and fend hym hys messlage. 360
Ye Mar was brocht, saw hym a gudlye man,
Rycht reuarandlye he has refawyt yaim yan.
At hym he speryt, all Scotts giff yai be.
Wallace said, za, and it is pefs trow we.
I grant, he said, yat likis us wondyr weill, 365
Trew men of pefs may ay sum freindschipe feill;
Quhat is yowr nayme, I pray yow tell me it,
Will Malcomsone, he said, sen ye will witt,
In Atryk forest has my wennyng beyne,
Yar I was born amang ye schawis scheyne, 370
Now I desyr yis north land for to se,
Quhar I mycht find bettyr dwellyng for me;
Ye Mar said, schyr, I sper nocht for nane ill,

Bot feill tithings oft fyifs is brocht us till,
 Off ane Wallace was born into ye west, 375
 Our Kings men he halds at gret unrest,
 Martyrs yaim doune, gret pete is to se,
 Out of ye trewis, forfuth, we trow he be.
 Wallace yan said, I her spek of yat man,
 Tithings off hym to yow nane tell I can. 380
 For hym he gert ane Innys graithit be,
 Quhar nane fuld cum bot hys awne men and he.
 Hys stwart Kerlye brocht yaim in fusioune
 Gud things eneuch quhat was in to ye toune.
 Als Inglifmen to drynkyng wald hym call, 385
 And commounly he delt nocht yarwithall :
 In yar prefence he spendyt refonably,
 Zheitt for hymself he payit ay boundandlye.
 On Scotts men he spendyt mekill gud,
 Bot nocht hys thankis upon ye Sothroune blud. 390
 Sone he consawit in hys wyttys prewalye,
 Into yat land quha was of maist party,
 Schyr Jamys Butler, ane agyt cruell knycht,
 Kepytt Keynclewyn, a castell wondyr wycht.
 Hys sone Schyr Jhone yan duelt into ye toune, 395
 Undyr Capteyn to Schyr Garraid Heroune.
 Ye wemen als he wyfyt at ye last,
 And so on ane hys eyne he can to cast,
 In ye south gait of Fassoun fresche and fayr ;
 Wallace to hyr maid prewalye rapayr. 400
 So fell it yus, off ye toune or he past,
 At ane accord yai hapnyt at ye last.
 Wallace with hyr in secret maid hym glaid.

Sothroune

Sothroune wyft nocht yat he sic plesance haid :

Oft on ye nycht he wald fay to hym sell, 403

Yis is fer wer yan ony payne of hell ;

At yus, with wrang, yir dewillis suld bruk our land,

And we, with forfs, may nocht agayne yaim stand,

To tak yis toune my power is to small,

Gret perill als on myself may fall ; 410

Set we it in fyr, it will undo mysell,

Or losf my men ; yar is na mor to tell.

Zhetts ar closf, ye dykis depe with all.

Thoch I wald fwyme, forsuth so can nocht all.

Yis mattir now herfor I will ourslide, 415

Bot in yis toune I may no langar bide.

Als men tald hym quhen ye capteyne wald pass

Hayme to Kynclewyn, quharoff glaid he was.

Hys leiff he tuk at has ; of ye toune,

To Meffane wode, rycht glaidly maid hym boune. 420

Hys horn he hynt, and bauldly loud can blaw,

Hys men hym hard, and yarto sone couth draw.

Rycht blyth he was, for yai war all in feyr,

Mony tithyngs at hym yai wald nocht speyr.

He yaim cummand to mak yaim redy fast. 425

In gud array out off ye wode yai past ;

Towart Kynclewyn yai bownyt yaim yat tyd,

Syne in a waill yat ner was yar besyd.

Fast on to Tay hys buschement can he draw,

In a dern wode yai stellit yaim full law. 430

Set skourious furth ye cuntre to aspye,

Be ane our nowne thre for rydars went bye.

Ye wach turned into witt quhat was hys will ;

He yaim commandyt in couert to bide still,
And we call feyr, ye housis knowlege will haiff, 435
And yat may sone be warnyng to ye laiff,
All foris in wer do nocht but gouernance.
Wallace was few, bot happy ordinance,
Maid hym fell fyris hys aduersours to wyn.
Be yat ye court of Inglisemen come in, 440
Four scor and ten weill graithit in yair ger,
Harneft on horsis, all lykly men of wer.
Wallace saw weill hys noumir was na ma,
He thankyt God, and syne ye feild couth ta.
Ye Inglisemen merweild quhat yai suld be ; 445
But fra yai saw yai maid for melle,
In fewtir yai kest scharp spers at yat tyde,
In ire yai thocht attour ye Scotts to ryde.
Wallace and hys went cruelly yaim agayne.
At ye fyrst rusche feill Inglisemen war slayne. 450
Wallace straik ane with hys gud sper of steill,
Throchout ye cost, ye shafft to brak ilk deill ;
A burnyft brand in haift he hynts out,
Thryfs apon fute he thrang throw all ye rout.
Stern horsis yai steik suld men of armys ber, 455
Sum undir feit fulzeid was men of wer.
Butler lychtyt hymself for to defend,
Wycht men of armys quhilk was full worthi kend.
On aydir fyde feill frekis war fechtand fast.
Ye Captayne baid, thocht he war far agast, 460
Part of ye Scotts be worthines yai slew.
Wallace was wa, and towart hym he drew,
Hys men dred for ye Butler bauld and keyne,

On hym he focht in ire and propyr teyne;
Apon ye hed hym fraik in matelent, 465
Ye burnyft blaid throw hys bafnett went,
Baith bayne and brayne he byrft throw all ye weid,
Yus Wallace hand delyuerit yaim off dreid.
Zheitt feill on feld was fechtand cruelly,
Stewyn of Irland, and all ye chewalry, 470
Into ye ftour did cruelly and weill,
And Kerle als with hys gud staff of fteill.
Ye Inglifmen, fra yair Chyftane was flayne.
Yai left ye feild and fled in all yair mayne.
Thre fcoyrs war flayne or yai wald leif yat fteid. 475
Ye fleande folk, yat wyft off no rameid,
Bot to ye houfs yai fled in all yair mycht,
Ye Scotts folowit yat worthi war and wycht.
Few men of fenfs was left yat place to kepe,
Wemen and preifts upon Wallace can wepe; 480
For weill yai wend ye flears was yar lord,
To tak hym in yai maid hym redy ford,
Leit doune ye bryg, keft up ye zett's wyde.
The frayit folk entrit and durft nocht byde.
Gud Wallace euir he folowit yaim fo faft, 485
Quhill in ye houfs he entryt at ye laft;
Ye zett he wor, quhill cummyn was all ye rout,
Off Inglis and Scotts he held na man yarout.
Ye Inglifmen, yat won war in yat fteid,
Withoutyn grace yai bertnyt yaim to deid. 490
Ye Captaynis wiff, women, and preiftis twa,
And zong childir, forfuth yai fawit na ma,
Held yaim in clofs eftir yis fedeyn cals,

Or Sothroune men suld sege hym in yat place ;
 Tuk up ye bryg, and clofyt zetts fast, 493
 Ye dede bodyes he out of sicht gert cast,
 Bathe in ye hous, and without at war dede,
 Fyfe off hys awne to berynefs he gart leid.
 In yat castell yar sewyn dayis baide he,
 On ilka nycht yai spoilzeid besyle. 500
 To Schortwode Schaw leid wietaill and wyne wycht.
 And housshald ger, baith gold and siluer brycht.
 Women, and yai yat he had grantyt grace,
 Quhen hym thocht tyme, yai put out of yat place.
 Quhen yai had tayne quhat he lykit to haiff, 505
 Straik downe ye zhetts and set in fyr ye laiff.
 Out of wyndowis stanfours all yai drew,
 Full gret-irn wark into ye wattir threw ;
 Burdyn durs and loks, in yair ire,
 All wark of tre yai brynt up in a fyre. 510
 Spylt at yai mycht, brak brig and bulwark doune.
 To Schortwode Schawe in haift yai maid yaim boune,
 Chesyt a strenth, quhar yai yair luyng maid ;
 In gud offer a quhill yar still he baid ;
 Zit in ye toune no witt off yis had yai. 515
 Ye cuntre folk, quhen it was lycht of day,
 Gret reik saw ryfs, and to Kynclwyn yai socht,
 Bot walle and stane, mar gud yar fand yai nocht.
 Ye Captayns wiff Sanct Jhonstoune sche zeid,
 And to Schyr Garrate sche tauld yis felloun deid ; 520
 Als till hyr sone quhat hapnyt was by cas.
 Yan demyt yai all it was wycht Wallace ;
 Off fortyne yar he spyit had ye toune.

Yan chargyt yai all yai fuld be redy boune.
Harneft on horsis into yair armour cler, 523
To feik Wallace yai went all furth in feyr.
A thoufand men weill garnyft for ye wer,
Toward ye wode rycht awfull in effer.
To Schortwode Schaw, and fet it all about,
Wyth fyfe stailis yat stalwart was and stout; 530
Ye fext yai maid a felloune rauge to leid,
Quhar Wallace was full worthi ay in deid.
Ye strenth he tuk, and bade yaim hald it still,
On ilka fyde, affailze quha fa will.
Schyr Jhone Butler into ye forest went 535
With twa hundreth, mowit in hys entent;
Hys fadyrs dede to wenge hym giff he mocht,
To Wallace fone with men of armyis socht.
A cleuch yar was, quharoff a strenth yai maid
With thuortour treis, bauldly yar abaid. 540
Fra ye ta fyde yai mycht ifche till a playne,
Syne throch ye wode to ye strenth pafs agayne.
Twenty he had yat nobill archars war,
Agaynis fewyn fcor of Inglifmen bowmen far.
Four fcor of fpers ner hand yaim baid at rycht, 545
Giff Scotts ifchynt to helpe yaim at yair mycht.
On Wallace fett a bykker bauld and keyne;
A bow he bair was byg and weille befeyne,
And arrowis als, baith lang and fcharp with aw,
No man was yar yat Wallace bow mycht draw. 550
Rycht sturk he was, and into feuir ger,
Bauldly he fchot amang yai men of wer.
An angell hede to ye huks he drew,

And

And at a schoyt ye formaft sone he flew.
Ingliš archars, yat hardy war and wycht, 555
Amang ye Scotts bykkeryt with all yair mycht;
Yair awfull schoyte was fellounne for to byde,
Off Wallace men yai woundyt far yat tyde;
Few of yaim was sekыр of archery,
Bettыр yai war and yai gat ewyn party, 560
In feild to byd, oыр with fuerd or speyr.
Wallace persawit hys men tuk mekill deyr,
He gart yaim change, and stand nocht into steid,
He kest all wayis to saiffe yaim fra ye deide.
Full gret trauaill apon hymself tuk he, 565
Off Sothroune men feill archars he gart de,
Off Longcaschyr bowmen was in yat place.
A far archar ay waityt on Wallace,
At ane opyn, quhar he usyt to rapayr,
At hym he drew a sekыр schot and far, 570
Undыр ye chyn, through a coler of steill,
On ye left fyde, and hurt hys halfs sumdeill.
Aftonaide he was, bot nocht gretlye agast,
Out fra hys men on hym he folowit fast,
In ye turnyng, with gud will has hym tayne 575
Upon ye crag, in sondыр straik ye bayne.
Feill off yaim ma na freyndschip with hym fand,
Fyfteyn yat day he schot to dede of hys hand.
Be yat hys arrowis wayfyt war and gayne;
Ye Ingliš archars forfuth yai wantyt nayne; 580
Without yai war yair power to ranew,
On ilka fyde to yaim yai couth persew.
Wilzham Loran come, with a boustoufs staill,

Out

Out of Gowry Wallace to assaill;
Neuo he was, as it was knawin in playne, 585
To ye Butler befor yat yai had slayne;
To wenge hys Eyme he come with all hys mycht,
Thre hundreth he led of men in armyis brycht,
To leid ye range on fute he maid hym ford.
Wallace to God hys conscience fyrst remord, 590
Syne cumfort yaim with manly contenance,
The fe, gud schirs, he said, yair ordinance,
Her is no chofs, bot oythir do or de,
We haiff ye rycht, ye happyar may it be,
Yat we fall chaipe with grace out of yis land. 595
Ye Loran, by yat, was redy at hys hand.
Be yat it was estirnoun of ye day,
Feill men of witt to cunsaill sone zeid yai.
Ye Sothroune kest scharplye at ilka fyde,
And saw ye wode was noythir lang na wyde. 600
Lychtly yai thought he suld hald it sa lang,
Fyfe hundreth maid throuch it on fute to gang,
Sad men off armefs yat war off eggyr will.
Schyr Garrats self without ye wode baid still.
Schyr Jhone Butler ze ta fyde chesyt he, 605
Ye tothyr Loran with a fell menzie,
Yan gud Wallace yat off help had gret neid,
Was fyfye men in all yat felloun dreid.
Ane awfull salt ye Sothroune sone began,
About ye Scotts focht mony likly man, 610
With bow and sper, and fuerds stiff off steill;
On aythir fyde na freindschip was to feill.
Wallace in ire a burly brand can draw,

Quhar feill Sothroune war semblyt upon raw,
To fende hys men with hys der worthi hand, 615
Ye folk was fey yat he befor hym fand.
Throw ye thikkeft off ye gret preifs he past,
Upon hys enemyfs hewand wondyr fast.
Agayne hys dynt na weids mycht awaill.
Quham so he hyt was dede withoutyn fail. 620
Off ye ferfest full braithlye bair he doune,
Befor ye Scotts yat war of gret renoune.
To hald ye strenth yai preift with all yair mycht.
Ye Inglifmen, yat worthi war and wycht;
Schyr Jhone Butler relewyit it agayne, 625
Sundryt ye Scotts and dyd yaim mekill payue;
Ye Loran als, yat cruell was and keyne,
A far affay forfuth yar mycht be seyne.
Yan at ye strenth yai mycht na langar bytle,
Ye range fa strang come upon aythir syde. 630
In ye thykkift wode yar maid yai felle defens,
Agayne yair fayis so full of wiolens;
Zit fell Sothroune left ye lyff to wed.
Till a new strenth Wallace and hys men fled;
On aduersowris yai maid full gret debait, 635
Bot helpe yaimself na focour ells yai wait.
Ye Sothroune als war fundryt yaim in twyn,
Bot yai agayne togydder sone can wyn;
Full futellye yar ordinance yai maid,
Ye rang agayne bownyt but mar abaid 640
Ye Scotts war hurt, and part of yaim war slayne;
So fayr affay, yai couth not mak agayne.
Be yis ye oft approachand was full ner;

Yus wrandly yai held yaim upon ster.

Quhen Wallace saw ye Sothroune was at hand, 645

Hym thocht na tyme langar for to stand,

Rycht manfully he graithit has hys ger,

Sadlye he went agayne ye men of wer;

Throw out ye stour full fast fechtand he socht,

With Godds grace to wenge hym gif he mocht. 650

Upon ye Butler awfully straik he,

Saiffgarde he gat undir a bowand tre,

Ye boncht in twa he straike aboune hys hede;

Als to ye ground and feld hym in yat stede

Ye haill power upon hym cum so fast, 655

At yai be fors reskewit hym at ye last.

Loran was wa, and yiddir fast ean draw.

Wallace ratornd, sa sedeynly hym saw;

Owt at a syde full fast till hym he zeid,

He gat no gyrrh for all hys burnyft weid, 660

With ire hym straik on hys gorgeat of steill,

Ye trensand blaid to persyt cuery deill

Throw plaitt and stuff, mycht nocht agayne it stand;

Derflye to dede he left hym on ye land;

Hym haiff yai lost thoch Sothroude had it fuorn, 665

For hys crag bayne was all in sondyr schorn.

Ye worthi Scotts did nobilly yat day

About Wallace, till he was woun away.

He tuk ye strenth maugre yair fayis will,

Abondonly in bargan baid yar still, 670

Ye fory sone raifs, yat bauld Loran was dede.

Schyr Garrat Heroun tranontit to yat stede,

And all ye host assemblyit hym about.

At

At ye north fyde yan Wallace ischet out,
 With hym hys men, and bownyt hym to ga, 673
 Thankand Gret God yat yai war partyt sa.
 To Gargyll wode yai went yat samyn nycht.
 Sewyn of hys men yat day to dede war dycht;
 In feld was left of ye Sothroune fix scor,
 And Loran als, yair murnyng was ye mor, 680
 Ye range in haist yai rayit sone agayne:
 Bot quhen yai saw yair trawail was in wayne,
 And he was past, full mekill mayne yai maid
 To rype ye wode bath wala flonk and flaid,
 For Butlers gold Wallace tuk off befor: 685
 Bot yai fand nocht, wald yai seke euirmor.
 Hys horsis yai gat, and nocht ellis of hys ger.
 With dulfull mayn retorned yair men of wer
 To Sanct Jhonstoun, in sorow and gret cayr.
 Off Wallace furth me likis to spek mar. 690
 Ye secund nycht ye Scotts couth yaim draw,
 Rycht priwaly agayne to Schortwode Schaw,
 Tuk up yair gud, quhilk was put out of sycht,
 Cleithing and stuff, bathe gold and siluer brycht.
 Upon yair fute, for horsis war yaim fra, 695
 Or ye son raifs, to Meffen wode can ga;
 Yar twa days our yair luyng still yai maid,
 On ye thred nycht yai mowit but mar abaid.
 Till Elkok Park full sedeynly yai went,
 Yar in yat strenth to byde was hys entent. 700
 Yan Wallace said, he wald go to ye toune;
 Arayit hym weill intill a preist lik goune;
 In Sanet Jhonestone disgyfyt can he fair,

Till

Till yis woman ye quhilk I spak of Air.

Off hys presens sche rycht reiosyt was, 703

And for a dreid, quhow he away suld pass.

He soiornt yar fra none was of ye day

Quhill ner ye nycht or yat he went away.

He tryfyt hyr quhen he wald cum agayne,

On ye thrid day ; yan was sche wondyr fayne. 710

Zhett he was syne with enemyfs as he zeid ;

To Schyr Garrat yai tauld of all hys deid,

And to Butler, yat wald haiff wrokyn beyne.

Yan yai gart tak yat woman brycht and scheyne,

Accusyt hyr far of refett in yat cas : 715

Feyll syfs sche suour, yat sche knew nocht Wallace.

Yan Butler said, we wait weyle it was he,

And bot yow tell in bayle fyre fall yow de ;

Gyff yow will help to bryng yon rebell doun,

We fall ze mak a ledy of ranoune. 720

Yai gaiff till hyr baith gold and siluer brycht,

And said, sche suld be weddyt with ane knycht,

Quham sche desyryt, yat was bot mariage.

Yus tempt yai hyr, throw cunsaill and gret wage,

Yat sche yaim tald quhat tyme he wald be yar. 725

Yan war yai glaid ; for yai desyrit no mar

Off all Scotland, bot Wallace at yair will.

Yus ordaynyt yai yis poyntment to fullfill.

Feyle men off armes yai graithit hastelye

To kepe ye zetts, wycht Wallace till aspye. 730

At ye fet tryft he entryt in ye toune,

Wittand nothing off all yis fals trefoune.

Till hyr chawmer he went but mair abaid.

Sche welcummyt hym, and full gret plesance maid.

Quhat at yai wrocht, I can nocht graithly say, 735

Rycht unperfyt I am of Venus play :

Bot haiftelye he graithit hym to gang.

Yan sche hym tuk, and speryt giff he thocht lang ;

Sche askyt hym yat nycht with hyr to byde.

Sone he said, nay, for chance yat may betyde ; 740

My men ar left all at misfrewill for me,

I may nocht slepe yis nycht quhill I yaim se.

Yan wepyt sche, and said, full oft allace,

Yat I was maide, wa worthe ye cursyt caufs !

Now haiff I lost ye best man leiffand is ; 745

O feble mynde, to do sa foull amyfs !

O waryit witt wykkyt and wariance,

Yat me has brocht into yis myschefull chance !

Allace, sche said, in warld yat I was wrocht,

Gyff all hys payne on myself mycht be brocht ! 750

I haiff seruit to be brynt in a gleid.

Quhen Wallace saw sche ner of witt couth weid,

In hys armyfs he caucht hyr sobrely,

And said, der hart, quha has mysfdoyne ocht, I ?

Nay, I, quoth sche, has falllye wrocht yis trayne, 755

I haiff yow fald, rycht now zhe will be slayne.

Sche tauld hym hyr trefoun till ane end,

As I haiff said ; quhat neds mair legend ?

At hyr he speryt, giff sche forthocht it far.

Wa, za, sche said, and fall do euirmar ; 760

My waryed werd in warld I mon fullfill,

To mend yis myfs I wald byrne on a hill.

He cumfort hyr, and baide hyr haiff no dreide.

I will, he said, haiff sum part of yi weid.
Hyr gowne he tuk on hym, and courchefs als. 765
Will God I shall eschape yis trefoune fals,
I ye forgyff. Withowtyn words mair,
He kyssyt hyr, syne tuk hys leiff to fayr.
Hys burly brand, yat helpyt hym offt in neid,
Rycht priwalye he hyd it undyr yat weid. 770
To ye south zett, ye gaynest way, he drew.
Quhart yat he fand of armyt men enew.
To yaim he tald, dissemblyt cuntenance,
To ye chawmer, quhar he was upon chance,
Speid fast, he said, Wallace is lokyt in. 775
Fra hym yai socht withowtyn noyfs or din,
To yat samyn hous, about yai can yaim cast.
Out at ye zett Wallace gat full fast,
Rycht glaid in hart; quhen yat he was without
Rycht fast he zeide, a flour pais and a stout. 780
Twa hym beheld, and said, we will go se,
A stalwart queyne, forsuth, zon semys to be.
Hym yai folowit throw ye South Ynche yai twa.
Quhen Wallace saw with yaim yar come na ma.
Agayne he turnde, and has ye formast slayne. 785
Ye toyir fled; yan Wallace, with gret mayne,
Upon ye hede, with hys fuerd, has hym tayne,
Left yaim bathe dede, syne to the strenth is gayne.
Hys men he gat, rycht glaid quhen yai hym saw;
Till yair defens in haist he gart yaim draw; 790
Denoydye hym sone of ye womannys weide:
Yus chapyt he out of yat fellounne dreid.

THE
L I F E
OF
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, &c.

BOOK V.

Wallace Escapes to Elcho Park—Kills Fawdon—At Galt-Hall—Ghost of Fawdon—Wallace Kills Butler—At Torwood—At Dundas—Joined by Sir John Graham—At Kilbank—Visits Lanark—Falls in Love with Miss Braidfoot of Lamington—Who was desired in Marriage for Hefilrig's Son—Adventure at Lochmaban—Wallace Fights at Queensberry—Kills the Captain of Lochmaban—Takes Crawford Castle, and Kills the Captain.

YE dyrk regoune apperand wondyr fast,
 In Nouember, quhen October was past,
 Ye day failit throw ye rycht courfs worthit schort,
 Till banyft men yat is na gret cumfort ;
 With yair power in pethis worthis gang, 3
 Hewy yai think quhen yat ye nycht is lang.
 Yus Wallace saw ye nychts messynger,
 Phebs had lost hys fyry bemyfs cler.
 Out of ye wode yai durst nocht turn yat tyde,
 For aduersfouris yat in yair way wald byde. 10
 Wallace

Wallace yaim tauld yat new wer was on hand,
Ye Inglis men was off ye toune cummand.
Ye dur yai brak, quhar yai trewit Wallace was,
Quhen yai hym myst, yai bownyt yaim to pass.
In yis gret noyis ye woman gat away, 15
Bot to quhat steide I can nocht graithly say.
Ye Sothroune socht rycht sadlye fra yat steide,
Throw ye South Ynch and fand yir twa men dede.
Yai knew be yat Wallace was in ye strenth,
About ye Park yai set on breid and lenth, 20
With sex hundreth weill graithit in yair armes,
All likly men, to wreke yaim off yair harnes.
A hundreth men chargyt in armes strang,
To kepe a hunde yat yai had yaim amang;
In Gyllsland yar was yat brachell brede, 25
Sekyr of sent to folow yaim at steide;
So was sche usyt on Esk and on Ledaill,
Quhill sche gat blude no sleynng mycht awaill.
Yan said yai all, Wallace mycht nocht away,
He suld be yaris for ocht at he do may. 30
Ye oft yai delt in diuers parts yat tyde.
Schyr Garrat Heroune in ye staill can byde.
Schyr Jhon Butler ye range he tuk hym till,
With thre hundreth quhilk war of hardy will;
Into ye wode apon Wallace yai zeid. 35
Ye worthi Scotts, yat war in mekill dreid,
Socht till a place for till haiff ischet out,
And saw ye staill enweronyt yaim about;
Agayne yai went with hydwyfs strakis strang,
Gret noyis and dyne was rayffit yaim amang. 40

Yair cruell deide rycht marweloufs to ken,
 Quhen fortye macht agayne thre hundyr men.
 Wallace faw weill apon hym tuk yat tyde,
 Throw ye gret preys he maid a way full wyde;
 Helpand ye Scotts with hys der worthi hand, 45
 Fell faymen he left fey apon ye land.
 Zhet Wallace loft fyfetyne apon yat fteid,
 And fortye men of Sothroune part war deid.
 Ye Butlers folk so frufchit war indeid,
 Ye hardy Scotts to ye ftrethis throw yaim zeid, 50
 On to Tay fyde yai haftyt yaim full fast,
 In will yai war ye wattir till haiff paf;
 Halff couth not fwym yat yan with Wallace was,
 And he wald nocht leiff ane and fra yaim pafs;
 Bettir hym thocht in perell for to be 55
 Upon ye land, yan wilfully to fe
 Hys men to droun, quhar refkew mycht be nane;
 Agayne in ire to ye feild ar yai gayne.
 Butler be yan had put hys men in ray,
 On yaim he fett with ane awfull hard affay, 60
 On ayir fyde with wapynys stiff of fteill.
 Wallace agayne no freindschipe lett yaim feill.
 Bot do or de yai wyft no mor focour,
 Yus fend yai lang into yat stalwart flour.
 Ye Scotts Chyftane was zong, and in a rage, 65
 Ufyt in wer, and fechts with curage;
 He faw hys men off Sothroune tak gret wrang,
 Yaim to reweng all dreidles can he gang;
 For mony of yaim war bledand wondyr far;
 He couth not fe no help apperand yar, 70

Bot

Bot yair Cheyftan war put out of yair gait,
Ye bryme Butler fa bauldlye maid debait.
Throw ye greyt preyfs Wallace to hym focht,
Hys awful deide he efchewyt as he mocht,
Undyr an ayk, with men about hym sett. 75
Wallace mycht nocht a gret fraik on hym gett;
Zhett fchede he yaim, a full royd flope was maid.
Ye Scotts went out, na langar yar abaid.
Stewyn of Irland, quhilk hardy was and wycht,
To helpe Wallace he did gret preyfs and mycht; 80
With trew Kerle douchty in mony deid,
Apon ye grounde feill Sothroune gart yai bleid.
Sexty war flayne of Inglifmen in yat place,
And nyne of Scotts yar tynt was throch yat cace.
Butlers men fa froyit war yat tyde, 85
Into ye ftour he wald na langar byde.
To get fupple he focht on to ye ftail,
Yus loft he yar a hundreth of gret waill.
As yai war beft arayand Butlers rout,
Betuex parteys yan Wallace ifchit out; 90
Sexteyn with hym yai graithit yaim to ga,
Of all hys men he had lewynt no ma.
Ye Inglifmen has myffyt hym, in hy
Ye hund yai tuk, and folowit haiftely.
At ye Gask wode full fayne he wald haiff beyne; 95
Bot yis floth brache, quhill fekyr was and keyne,
On Wallace fute folowit fo fellounne faft,
Quhill in yair fycht yai prochynt at ye laft.
Yair horfs war wycht, had foiornd weill and lang;
To ye next wode twa myil yai had to gang, 100

Off upwith erde ; yai zeid with all yair mycht,
Gud hope yai had for it was ner ye nycht.
Fawdoun tyryt, and said, he mycht nocht gang.
Wallace was wa to leiff hym in yat thrang.
He bade hym ga, and said ye strenth was ner ; 105
Bot he yarfor wald nocht fastir hym ster.
Wallace in ire on ye crag can hym ta,
With hys gud fuerd and strak ye hed hym fra.
Dreidlefs to ground derfly he duschit dede.
Fra hym he lap, and left hym in yat stede. 110
Sum demys it to ill, and othyr sum to gud ;
And I say her, into yir termys rude,
Bettir it was he did, as thynkys me,
Fyrst, to ye hunde it mycht gret stoppyn be,
Als Fawdoun was haldyn at suspicioun, 115
For he was haldyn of brokill complexioun.
Rycht stark he was, and had bot litill gayne,
Yus Wallace wyft. Had he beyne left allayne,
And he war fals, to ennymys he wald ga,
Gyff he war trew, ye Sothroune wald hym fla ; 120
Mycht he do ocht but tyne hym as it was.
Fra yis questioun now schortlye will I pass.
Deyme as yhe left, ze yat best can and may,
I bot raherfs as my autour will say.
Sternys, be yan, began for till apper, 125
Ye Inglis men war cummand wondyr ner ;
Fyffe hundreth haill was in yair chewalry,
To ye next strenth yan Wallace couth hym hy.
Stewyn of Irland, unwitting of Wallace,
And gud Kerle, baid still ner hand yat place, 130
At

At ye mur fyde, intill a scroggy flaid,
Be eft Dipplyne quhar yai yis tary maid.
Fawdoun was left befyde yaim on ye land ;
Ye power come and fedeynly hym fand ;
For yair sloth hund ye graith gait till hym zeid, 135
Off oyir trade sche tuk as yan no heid.
Ye sloth stoppyt, at Fawdoune still sche stude,
No forthir sche, wald fra tyme sche fand ye blude.
Inglistmen demyt, for ells yai couth nocht tell,
Bot at ye Scotts had fochtyn amang yaim sell. 140
Rycht wa yai war yat losyt was yair sent.
Wallace twa men amang ye oft in went,
Dissemblyt weyll, yat no man suld yaim ken,
Rycht in effer, as yai war Inglistmen.
Kerle beheld on to ye bauld Heroun, 145
Upon Fawdoune as he was lukand doun,
A futtell straik upwart hym tuk yat tyde,
Undir ye chekkis ye grounden fuerd gart glyde,
By ye gud, mayle bathe halfs and hys crag bayne
In sondyr straik ; yus endyt yat Cheyftane. 150
To grounde he fell, feille folk about hym thrang,
Tresoune yai cryit, traytours was yaim amang.
Kerle with yat, fled out sone at a fyde,
Hys falow Stewyn yan thocht na tyme to byde.
Ye fray was gret, and fast away yai zeid, 155
Lawch towart Ern ; yus chapyt yai of dreid.
Butler for woo of wepyng mycht not stynt.
Yus rակlešly yis gud knyght yai tynt.
Yai demyt all yat it was Wallace men,
Or ellis hymself, yocht yai couth nocht hym ken ; 160

He is rycht ner, we sall hym haiff but fail,
Yis febill wode may hym litill awaill.
Fortye yar past agayne to Sanct Jhoneftoune,
With hys dede corfs, to beryfing maid it boune.
Partyt yair men, fyne diuerfs wayis raid, 165
A gret power at Durplin still yar baid.
Till Dawryeth ye Butler past but lett,
At fyndry furds ye gait yai unbefet,
To kepe ye wode quhill it was day yai thocht.
As Wallace yus in ye thik forest socht, 170
For hys twa men in mynd he had gret payne,
He wyft nocht weyll, giff yai war tayne or flayne,
Or chapyt haile be ony jeparte.
Threteyn war left with hym, no mar had he;
In ye Gask hall yair luyng haiff yai tayne, 175
Fyr gat yai sone, bot meyt yan had yai nane;
Twa scheipe yai tuk befyde yaim off a fauld,
Ordanyt to soupe into yat sembly hauld;
Graithit in haift sum fude for yaim to dycht:
So hard yai blaw rude hornys upon hycht. 180
Twa fende he furth to luk quhat it mycht be;
Yai baid rycht lang, and no tithings herd he,
Bot boustoufs noyis so brymly blow and fast;
So oyir twa into ye wode furth past.
Nane come agayne, bot boustoufsly can blaw, 185
Into gret ire he send them furth on raw.
Quhen yat allayne Wallace was lewynt yar,
Ye awfull blast aboundyt mekill mar;
Yan trewit he weille yai had hys luyng seyne;
Hys fuerd he drew of nobill mettall keyne, 190
Synce

Syne furth he went quhar at he hard ye horn.
Without ye dur Fawdoun was hym beforne,
As till hys fycht, hys awne hedè in hys hand;
A croyfs he maid quhen he saw hym so stand.
At Wallace in ye hede he fwaket yar, 195
And he in haist sone hynt it by ye hair,
Syne out at hym agayne he couth it cast,
Intill hys hart he was gretlye agast.
Rycht weill he trowit yat was na spreit of man,
It was sum dewill, at sic malice began. 200
He wyft na weill yar langar for to byde,
Up throw ye Hall yus wycht Wallace can glyde,
To a closf stayr, ye burds raiff in twyne,
Fyftyne fute large he lap out of yat inn.
Up ye wattir sedeynlye he couth fair, 205
Agayne he blent quhat perance he saw yair,
He thocht he saw Fawdoune yat ugly syr,
Yat haill hall he had sett in a fyr;
A gret raftre he had intill hys hand.
Wallace as yan no langar wald he stand, 210
Off hys gud men full gret merwaill had he,
Quhow yai war tynt throch hys feyle fantase.
Traists rycht weyll all yis was suth indeide,
Suppos yat it no paynt be of ye creide.
Power yai had wicht Lucifer yat fell, 215
Ye tyme quhen he partyt fra hewyn to hell.
Be sic myscheiff giff hys men mycht be lost,
Drownyt or slayne amang ye Inglis oft;
Or quhat it was in liknes of Fawdoune,
Quhilk brocht hys men to suddand confusioun; 220
Or

Or giff ye man endyt in ewill entent,
Sum wikkyt spreit agayne for hym present.
I can nocht spek of sic diuinite,
To clerks I will lat all sic mattirs be :
Bot off Wallace, furth I will yow tell. 225
Quhen he was went of yat perell fell,
Zeit glaid was he yat he had chapyt swa,
Bot for hys men gret murnyng can he ma.
Flayt by hymself to ye Makar off luffe,
Quhy he sufferyt he suld sic paynis pruff. 230
He wyft nocht weille giff it was Godds will ;
Rycht or wrang hys fortoun to fullfill,
Had he plefd God, he trowit it mycht nocht be
He suld hym thoill in sic perplexite.
Bot gret curage in hys mynde euir draiff, 235
Off Inglisemen thinkand amends to haiff.
As he was yus walkand be hym allayne
Apon Ern fyde, makand a pytuoufs mayne,
Schyr Jhon Butler, to wach ye furds rycht.
Out fra hys men of Wallace had a fycht ; 240
Ye myft was went to ye montanys agayne,
Till hym he raid, quhar at he maid hys mayne.
On loude he sperde, quhat art yow walkis yat gait ?
A trew man, schyr, yocht my wiage be lait ;
Erands I pafs fra Doune to my Lord, 245
Schyr Jhone Stewart, ye rycht for to record,
In Doune is now, new cummyñ fra ye King.
Yan Butler said, yis is a felcouth thing,
Yow leid all owt, yow has beyne with Wallace,
I fall yow knaw, or yow cum of yis place. 250
Till

Till hym he stert ye courfir wondyr wycht,
Drew out a suerd, so maid hym for to lycht.
Abowne ye kne gud Wallace has hym tayne,
Throw the and brawn in sondyr straik ye bayne,
Derfly to dede ye knycht fell on ye land. 255
Wallace ye horfs sone sefyt in hys hand,
Ane awkwart straik fyne tuk hym in yat steid,
Hys crag in twa; yus was ye Butler dede.
Ane Inglisman saw yair Chyftane was slayn,
A sper in reyst he kest with all hys mayne, 260
On Wallace draiff, fra ye horfs hym to ber;
Warly he wrocht, as worthi man in wer.
Ye sper he wan withoutyn mar abaid,
On horfs he lap, and throch a gret rout raid;
To Dawryeth he knew ye fors full weill; 265
Befor hym come feyll stuffyt in fyne steill.
He straik ye fyrst but blaid in ye blasoune,
Quhill horfs and man bathe slet ye wattir doune.
Ane oyir sone doune fra hys horfs he bar,
Stampyt to grounde, and drownyt withowtyn mar. 270
Ye thrid he hytt in hys harnes of steyll,
Throw out ye cost, ye sper it brak sum deyll.
Ye gret power yan eftir hym can ryde.
He saw na waill no langar yar to byde.
Hys burnyft brand braithlye in hand he bar. 275
Quham he hytt rycht yai folowit hym na mar.
To stuff ye chafs feyll frekis folowit fast,
Bot Wallace maid ye gayast ay agast.
Ye mur he tuk, and throw yair power zeid,
Ye horfs was gud, bot zhet he had gret dreid. 280

For failzeing or he wan to a strenth.

Ye chafs was gret, scalyt our breid and lenth,

Throw strang danger yai had hym ay in fycht.

At ye Blackfurd yar Wallace doune can lycht,

Hys horfs stuffyt, for ye way was depe and lang, 285

A large gret myile wychtly on fute couth gang.

Or he was horft rydars about hym heft,

He saw full weill lang swa he mycht not left.

Sad men indeid upon hym can renew,

With retornying yat nycht twenty he flew. 290

Ye ferfast ay rudly rabutyt he,

Kepyt hys horfs, and rycht wisly can fle,

Quhill yat he cum ye myrkest mur amang.

Hys horfs gaiff our, and wald no furthyr gang.

Wallace on fute tuk hym with gud entent, 295

Ye horfs he straik, or yat he fra hym went,

Hys houch fennownnis he cuttyt all at anys,

And left hym yus besyde ye standand stanyis,

For Sothroune men no gud fuld off hym wyn.

In heith haddyr Wallace and yai can twyn. 300

Throuch yat down unto Forth sadly he focht;

Bot sedeynly yarcome intill hys thocht,

Gret power wok at Stirlyng Brygg off tre,

Leythand he said, na passage is for me,

For want of fude, and I haiff fochtyn lang, 305

On wer men now me thynk na tyme to gang.

At Kamyस्कynnett I fall ye wattir till,

Lat God abowne do with me quhat he will.

Into yis land lang I may nocht byde.

Tary he maid sum part on Forthis syde, 310

Tuk

Tuk off hys weid, and graithit hym but mar,
Hys fuerd he band, yat wondyr fcharplye fchar,
Amang hys ger, be hys fchuldrys on loft,
Yus in he went, to Gret God prayand oft,
Off hys hye Grace ye caufs to tak on hand. 315
Our ye wattyr he fwame to ye south land,
Arayede hym, fone ye felfone was rycht cauld,
For Pifcis was intill hys dayis of auld.
Our thwort ye Kerfs to ye Torwode he zeid,
A wedow yar duelt yat helpyt hym in neid, 320
Thyddyr he come or day begouth to daw,
Till a wyndow, and prewaly couth caw.
Yai fperd hys nayme, bot tell yaim wald he nocht,
Quhill fche hirfelf ner till hys langage focht.
Era tyme fche wyft at it was wucht Wallace, 325
Reioffyt fche was, and thankyt God off hys Grace.
Sche fperd fone, quhy he was hym allane.
Murnand, he faid, as now men haiff I nane.
Sche afkyt hym, quhar at hys men fuld be.
Eayr deyme, he faid, go get fum meit for me, 330
I haiff fafyt fyne zhifterday at morn;
I dreid full far yat my men be forlorn.
Gret part of yaim to ye dede I faw dycht.
Sche gat hym meit in all ye haift fche mycht.
A woman he cald, and als with hyr a child, 335
Syne bade yaim pafs agayne yai wayis wyld,
To ye Gask-hall, tithings for to fper,
Gyff part war left off hys men into fer;
And fche fuld fynd a horfs fone in hyr gait;
He bade yaim fe giff yat place ftud in ftait: 340

Yaroff to her he had full gret defyr,
 Becaus he thocht yat it was all in fyr.
 Yai passyt furth withoutyn tary mar.
 Hym for to rest Wallace ramaynit yar.
 Refreschit he was with meit, drynk, and with heit, 345
 Quhilk causyt hym throuch natural cours to weit
 Quhar he suld slepe, in sekynes to be.
 Ye wedow had off hyr awne sonnys thre;
 Fyrst twa off yaim sche send to kepe Wallace,
 And gert ye thrid go sone to Dunypace, 350
 And tauld hys Eyme, yat he was hapnyt yar.
 Ye parson zeid to se off hys weyllfar,
 Wallace to slepe laid in ye wode syde,
 Ye twa zong men without hym ner couth byde.
 Ye parson come ner, and yair maner saw, 355
 Yai beknyt hym to quhat steid he suld draw.
 Ye rone was thik yat Wallace slepyt in;
 About he zeid, and maid bot letill din,
 So at ye last of hym he had a fycht,
 Quhow prewalye how yat hys bed was dycht. 360
 He hym beheld, and said syne to hymself,
 Her is a marwaill, quha likis it to tell,
 Yat a person, be worthines of hand,
 Trowis to stop ye power of Ingland,
 Now fals fortoun, ye myfwyrkar of all, 365
 Be awentur, has gyffin hym a fall,
 At he is left without supple of ma,
 A cruell wyff with wappynnis mycht hym fla.
 Wallace hym herd, quhen he hys slepe ourpast,
 Ferly he rays, and said till hym als fast, 370
 Yow

Yow leid, fals preyft war yow a fa to me,
I wald nocht dreid fic oyir ten as ye ;
I haiff had mar syne zhiftirday at morn,
Yan fyk sexty war semblyt me beforne.
Hys Eyme hym tuk, and went forth with Wallace ; 375
He tald till hym off all hys paynfull cace.
Yis nycht, he said, I was left me allayne,
In feyll debait with enemyfs mony ane ;
God at hys will my liff did ay to kepe,
Our Forth I fwame yat awfull is and depe ; 380
Quhat I haiff had in wer befor yis day,
Presoune and payne to yis nycht was bot play ;
So bett I am with straikis fad and far,
Ye cheyle wattir wined me mekill mar ;
Eftir gret blude throw heit and cauld was brocht, 385
Yat off my lyff almost nothing I roucht.
I meyne fer mar ye tynsell off my men,
Na for myself, mycht I suffir sic ten.
Ye parson said, der sonne yow may se weyll,
Langar to stryff it helpis nocht a deyll, 390
Yi men ar lost, and nayne will with ye ryfs,
For Godds said wyrk as I shall dewyfs ;
Tak a lordschipe, quharon yat yow may liff,
King Edward wald gret lands to ye giff.
Uncle, he said, of sic words no mar, 395
Yis is nothing bot iking off my car ;
I lik bettir to se ye Sothroune de,
Yan gold or land yat yai can giff to me ;
Traist ye rycht weyll of wer I will nocht cefs,
Quhill tyme yat I bryng Scotland into pess, 400

Or de yarfor, in playne to undirstand.
 So come Kerle, and gud Stewyn of Irland,
 Ye wedowis sone to Wallace he yaim brocht.
 Fra yai hym saw of na sadnes yai rocht;
 For perfyt joy yai wepe with all yair eyne, 405
 To grounde yai fell, and thankyt Hewynnys queyne:
 Als he was glaid for reskew off yaim twa,
 Off hys fers men leyffand was left no ma.
 Yai tald hym yat Schyr Garrat was dede,
 Quhow yai had weill eschapyt off yat stede; 410
 Throuch ye Oychall yai had gayne all yat nycht,
 Till Queynsferry, or yat ye day was brycht;
 How a trew Scott, for kyndnes of Wallace,
 Brocht yaim sone our, fyne kend yaim to yat place.
 Als Kerle wyft, gyff Wallace leyffand war, 415
 Ner Dunnypace yat he suld fynd hym yar.
 Ye parfone gart gud purwiance for yaim dycht;
 In ye Torwode yai lngyt all yat nycht,
 Quhill ye woman, yat Wallace furth had fend,
 Retornd agayne, and tauld hym till ane end, 420
 Quhat Inglisfen in yē way sche fand dede,
 Feill was fallyn fey in mony fundry stede.
 Ye hors sche saw yat Wallace had bereft,
 And ye Gask-hall standing as it was left,
 Withoutyn harme nocht sterd off it a stane; 425
 Bot of hys men gud tythings sche gat nane.
 Yaroff ye grewyt gretlye in yat tyde,
 In ye forest he wald no langar byde.
 Ye wedow hym gaiff part of filuer brycht,
 Twa of hyr sonnys and yat worthi war and wycht; 430

Ye

Ye thrid sche held becaufs he lakit age,
In wer as yan mycht nocht wyn wesselage.
Ye parson yan yat yaim gud hors and ger,
Bot wa he was hys mynde was all on wer.
Yus tuk he leyff withowtyn langar abaid, 435
In Dundaff mur yat samyn nycht he raid.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme, quhilk lord was of yat land,
Ane agyt knycht had made nane oyir band,
Bot purchest pefs in rest he mycht byde still,
Tribute payit full far agayne hys will. 440
A sone he had, bathe wyfs, worthi and wycht,
Alexander ye fers at Berweik maid hym knycht,
Quhar schawyn was of bataill till haiff beyne,
Betwex Scotts, and ye bauld Persye keyne;
Yis zong Schyr Jhone rycht nobill was in wer, 445
On a braid scheyld hys fadyr gert hym swer,
He suld be trew to Wallace in all thing,
And he to hym, quhill lyff mycht in yaim ryng.
Thre nychts yar Wallace baid out of dreid,
Restyt hym weill swa had he mekill neid; 450
On ye ferd day he wald no langar byde,
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme bownyt with hym to ryd;
And he said, nay, as yan it suld nocht be,
A playne part zeit I will nocht tak on me;
I haiff tynt men throuch my rakles deid, 455
Brynt child mayr sayr ye fyr will dreid;
Freinds haiff I sum part in Clyddsdail,
I will go se quhat may yai me awaill.
Schyr Jhone anfuerd, I will you cunsaill do,
Quhen ye se tyme send priwale me to, 460

Yan I fall cum with my power in haist ;
He hym betuk on to ye haly gaist,
Sanct Jhone to borch yai suld meit haill and found.
Out of Dundaff he and yir four couth found,
In Bothwell mur yat nycht remaynyt he, 465
With ane Crawford yat lugyt hym prewale.
Upon ye morn to Gilbank he went,
Refawyt he was with mony glaid entent ;
For hys deyr Eyme, zong Auchinlek duelt yar,
Brothyr he was to ye Schirreff of Ayr. 470
Quhen auld Schyr Ranald till hys dede was dycht,
Yan Auchinlek wedyt yat lady brycht,
And childyr gat, as storeyfs will record,
Off Lefmahago, for he held of yat lord ;
Bot he was flayne, gret pete was ye mar, 475
With Perfyes men, into ye toune of Ayr ;
Hys sone duelt still xix zers of age,
And brokyt haille hys fadyrs heretage ;
Tribute he payit, for all hys lands braid,
To Lord Perfye, as hys brodyr had maid. 480
I leyff Wallace, with hys der uncle still,
Off Inglifmen zhett fumthing spek I will.
A messynger sone throw ye cuntre zeid,
To Lord Perfye yai tauld yis felloun deid ;
Kynclwyn was brynt, brokyn and castyn doun, 485
Captayne dede of it, and Sanct Jhonstoune ;
Ye Loran als at Schortwode Schawis scheyn ;
Into yat land gret forow has beyne feyne,
Throuch wycht Wallace yat all yis deid has done,
Ye toune he spyit, and yat forthocht we sone. 490

Butler is slayn, with docht men and deyr.
In aspre spech ye Persye yan can speyr,
Quhat word off hym, I pray you graithly tell.
My lord, he said, rycht yus ye cas befell.
We know for trewth he was left hym allayne, 500
And as he fled, he flew full mony ayne;
Ye hors we fand yat hym yat gait couth ber,
Bot off hymself no othyr word we her;
At Styrlyng bryg we wait he passit nocht,
To dede in Forth he may for us be brocht. 510
Lord Persye said, now suthlye yat war syne,
So gud a hande is nayne yis warld within;
Had he tayne pels and beyne our kingfman,
Ye haill empyr he mycht haiff cunquest yaim;
Gret harme it is, our knychts yat ar ded, 505
We mon ger se for oyirs in yair sted.
I trow nocht zhet at Wallace losyt be,
Our clerkis sayis, he fall ger mony de.
Ye messynger said, all yat suth has beyne,
Mony hundreth, yat cruell war and keyne, 510
Sen he begane, ar lost without ramede.
Ye Persye said, forsuth he is nocht ded;
Ye crukis off Forth he knawis wondyr weyll,
He is on lyff, yat fall our natioune feyll;
Quhen he is strest, yan can he swym at will, 515
Gret strenth he has, bathe wytt and grace yartill.
A messynger ye lord chargyt to wend,
And yis cummand in wryt with hym he send.
Schyr Jhon Sewart gret schirreff yan he maid,
Off Sanct Jhonestone, and all yir lands braid. 520

Intill

Intill Kynclwyn yar duelt nayne agayne,
 Yar was left nocht bot brokyn wallis in playne.
 Leiff I yaim yus rewwland yai lands yar,
 And spek I will off Wallace glaid weillfar.
 He fend Kerle to Schyr Ranald ye knycht, 525
 To Boyd and Blair yat worthe war and wycht,
 And Adam als, hys cufyng gud Wallace,
 To yaim declare off all yis paynfull cas.
 Off hys eschaipe owt off yat cumpany.
 Rycht wondyr glaid was yis gud chewalry; 530
 Fra tyme yai wyft yat Wallace leiffand was,
 Gud expensis till hym yai maid to pass.
 Maistir Jhone Blayr was oft in yat message,
 A worthi clerk, bath wyfs and rycht sawage,
 Lewyt he was befor in Parys Toune, 535
 Amang maistris in science and renoune.
 Wallace and he at hayme in scule had beyne;
 Sone eftirwart, as verite is seyne,
 He was ye man yat pryncipall undirtuk,
 Yat fyrst compyld in dyt ye latyne buk 540
 Off Wallace lyff rycht famous off renoune;
 And Thomas Gray parfone off Libertoune.
 With hym yai war, and put in story all,
 Offt ane or bathe, mekill off hys trawail;
 And yarfor her I mak off yaim mentioun. 545
 Maistir Jhone Blair to Wallace maid hym boune;
 To se hym heyle hys cumfort was ye mar,
 As yai full oft togyddir war befor.
 Siluer and gold yai gaiff hym for to spend,
 Sa dyde he yaim frely, quhen God it fend. 550
 Off

Off gud weylfayr as yan he wantyt nane.

Inglisemen wyft he was left hym allane,

Quhar he fuld be was nayne off yaim couth fay,

Drownyt or flayne, or eschapyt away;

Yarfor off hym yai tuk bot letill heid; 555

Yai knew hym nocht, ye les he was in dreid.

All trew Scotts gret fauor till hym gaiff,

Quhat gud yai had he myfterit not to craiff.

Ye pes restyt yat, Schyr Ranald had tayne,

Yir four monethis it fuld nocht be outgane. 560

Yis Chrystmess Wallace ramaynyt yar,

In Laynrik offt till sport he maid repair.

Fra yat he went fra Gilbank to ye toune,

And he fand men yat was off yat fals natioune,

To Scotland yai did neuir grewance mar; 565

Sum stekyt yai, sum throfts in fundyr schar.

Feille war sone dede, bot nane wyft quha it was;

Quham he handlyt, he leyt no forthir pafs.

Yar Hefylryg duelt, yat curffyt knyght to waill,

Schyrreff he was off all ye lands haill, 570

Felloune, owtrage, dispytfull in hys deid,

Mony off hym yarfor had mekill dreid.

Marwaill he thocht quha durst hys peple fla,

Without ye toune he gart gret noumir ga.

Quhen Wallace saw yat yai war ma yan he, 575

Yan did he nocht but saluft curtasse;

All hys four men bar yaim quietlik,

No Sothroune couth deyme yaim mys pur no rik.

In Laynrik duelt a gentill woman yar.

A madyn myld, as my buk will declar, 580

Off

Off auchteyn zers ald or litell mor of age,
 Als born sche was till part of heretage;
 Hyr fadyr was off worschipe and renoune,
 And Hew Braidfute he hecht of Lammyngtoun,
 As feyllle othys was in ye cuntre calld, 585
 Befor tyme yai gentillmen war off ald:
 Bot yis gud man, and als hys wyff, was dede,
 Ye madyn yan wyft off na othyr rede,
 Bot still sche duelt in tribute in ye toun,
 And purchest had King Edwards protectioun; 590
 Serwandys with hyr, off freynds at hyr will,
 Yus leffyt sche without defyr off ill;
 A quiet hous, as sche mycht hald in wer,
 For Heselryg had doyne hyr mekill der;
 Slayne hyr brodyr, quhilk eldest was and ayr. 595
 All suffyryt sche, and rycht lawly hyr bar,
 Amyabill, so benyng, war and wyfs,
 Curtas and swete, fulfilyt of generyfs,
 Weill rewlyt of tong, rycht haill of cuntenance,
 Off wertuous sche was worthi to awance, 600
 Hummyly hyr led, and purchest a gud name,
 Off ilkyn wycht sche kepyt hyr fra blame,
 Trew rychtwyfs folk a gret fauour hyr lent.
 Apon a day to ye kyrk as sche went,
 Wallace hyr saw, as he hys eyne can cast, 605
 Ye prent off luff hym punzett at ye last,
 So asprely, throuch bewte off yat brycht,
 With gret unefs in presence bid he mycht.
 He knew full weyll hyr kynerent and hyr blud,
 And quhow sche was in honest oys and gud. 610

Quhill wald he think to luff our ye laiff,
And oyir quhill he thocht on hys diffaiff,
How yat hys men war brocht to confusioun,
Throw hys last luff he had in Sanct Jhonstoun;
Yan wald he think to laiff and lat ourflyde, 613
Bot yat thocht lang on hys mynd mycht nocht byde.
He tald Kerle off hys new lusty baille,
Syne askyt hym of hys best trew cunsaill.
Maistir, he said, as fer as I haiff feyll,
Off lyklynes it may be wondyr weill, 620
Sen ze sa luff, tak hyr in mariage,
Gudlye sche is and als has heretage;
Suppos at yhe in luffyng feill amys,
Gret God forbede it suld be so with yis.
To mary yus I can nocht zhett attend, 625
I wald off wer fyrst se a finaill end.
I will na mar allayne to my luff gang,
Tak tent to me, or dreid we suffer wrang;
To proffer yus sone I wald nocht presse,
Mycht I leyff off, in wer I lik to leyff. 630
Quhat is yis luff? na thing bot folychnes,
It may reyff men bathe witt and stedfastnes.
Yan said he yus, yis will not graithly be,
Amors and wer at anys to ryng in me;
Rycht suth it is, stude I in blis of luff, 635
Quhar deds war I suld ye bettir pruff;
Bot weille I wait, quhar gret ernest is in thocht,
It latts wer in ye wyffest wys be wrocht.
Lefs giff it be, bot only till a deid,
Yan he yat thinks on hys luff to speid, 640

He may do weill haiff he fortune and grace,
 Bot yis stands all in ane oyir cas;
 A gret Kyuryk with feill fayis ourset,
 Rycht hard it is amends for to get,
 At anys of yaim, and wyrk ye obserwance, 645
 Quhilk langs luff and all hys frewill chance;
 Sampill I haiff yis me forthinks far,
 I trew to God it fall be sa no mar,
 Ye trewth I knaw off yis and hyr lynage,
 I knew nocht hyr, yarfor I lost a gage. 650
 To Kerle he yus argownd in yis kynd,
 Bot gret desyr remaynyt intill hys mynd,
 For to behald yat frely off fassoun.
 A quhill he left, and come nocht in ye toune,
 On oythir thing he maid hys wytt to walk, 655
 Prefand giff he mycht off yat languor slalk.
 Quhen Kerle saw he suffyryt payne for yi,
 Der schyr, he said, ze leiff in slogardy,
 Go se your luff, yan fall yhe get cumfort.
 At hys cunsaill he walkyt for to sport, 660
 On to ye kyrk quhar sche maid resedence.
 Sche knew hym weille, bot as of eloquence,
 Sche durst nocht weill in presens to hym kyth,
 Full far sehe drede or Sothroune wald hym myth;
 For Hefilryg had a mattir new begone, 665
 And hyr desyrde in mariage till hys sone.
 With hyr madyn yus Wallace sche besocht
 To dyne with hyr, and prewalve hym brocht
 Throw a garden sche had gert wyrk off new,
 So Inglisemen nocht of yair metyng knew. 670

Yan

Morison's Edition

WALLACE.



*With her maidens thus, Wallace she brought,
To dine with her.*

Book V. line 687.

Engraved from original designs by M.^r Birrell.

Yan kiffit he yis gudlye with plesance,
Syne hyr besocht rycht hartlye of quentance.
Sche anfuerde hym, with hymyll words wyse,
War my quentance rycht worthi for till pryse,
Yhe fall it haiff, as God me faiff in faille, 675
Bot Inglisemen gerris our power fail,
Throch wiolence of yaim and yair barnage,
At has weill ner destroyit owr lynage.
Quhen Wallace hard hyr plenze petously,
Agrewit he was in hart rycht gretumly; 680
Baith ire and luff hym sett intill a rage,
Bot nocht for yi he fobyrit hys curage;
Off hys mater he tald, as I said ayr,
To yat gudlye, how luff hym strenzit far.
Sche anfuerd hym rycht resonably agayne, 685
And said, I shall to your service be bayne,
With all plesance, in honest caufs hail,
And I trast ze wald nocht fet till assaill,
For your worschipe, to do me dyshonour,
And I a maid, and stands in mony flour, 690
Fra Inglisemen to saiff my womanheid,
And cost has maid to kepe me fra yair dreid;
With my gud will I will no Leman be
To no man born, yarfor methinks suld ze
Defyr me nocht bot into gudlynes. 695
Perhaps ye think I war to law perchais
For till attend to be your rychtwyfs wyff,
In your service I wald oys all my lyff;
Her I beseik, for your worschipe in armye,
Zbe charge me nocht with no ungodly harmys, 700

Bot me defend, for worschip off your blude.
Quhen Wallace weyll hyr trew tayll understud,
As in a part hym thocht it was resoun,
Off hyr desyr yarfor till conclusioun.
He thankyt hyr, and said, giff it mycht be, 705
Through Godds will, yat owr Kynryk war fre,
I wald yow wed with all hartlie plesance,
But as yis tyme I may nocht tak sic chance;
And for yis causis none oyr now I crayff,
A man in wer may nocht all plesance haiff. 710
Off yar talk yan I can tell you no mar
To my purposis, quhat band yat yai mai maid yar.
Conclud yai yus, and syne to dyner went;
Ye sayr grewans ramaynyt in hys entent,
Lofs off hys men, and lusty payne of luff, 715
Hys leiff he tuk at yat tyme to ramuff.
Syne to Gilbank he past or it was nycht;
Upon ye morn, with hys four men, hym dycht,
To ye Torhed without restyng he raid,
Quhar hys neuo Thom Haliday hym baid, 720
And Litill als, Edwardes hys cufyng der,
Quhilk was full blyth quhen he wyft hym so ner,
Thankand gret God yat send hym saiff agayne;
For mony demyt he was in Strathern slayne.
Gud cher yai maid all out yai dayis thre. 725
Yan Wallace said, yat he desirde to se
Lowmaben toun and Inglisfmen yat war yar;
On ye ferd day yai bownyt yaim to far.
Sexteyn he was of gudly chewalre,
In ye Knockwode he lewynt all bot thre. 730

Thom

Thom Halyday went with hym to ye toun,
Edwarde Litill and Kerle maid yaim boune;
Till ane Ostrye, Thom Halyday led yaim rycht,
And gaff cummand yair dyner suld be dycht.
Till her a mefs in gud entent yai zeid, 735
Off Inglifmen yai trowit yar was no dreid.
Ane Clyffurd come, was Eymes son to ye lord,
And four with hym, ye trewth for to record;
Quha awcht yai horsis, in gret heithing he ast,
He was full fle, and ek had mony cast. 740
Ye gud wyff said, till appleffyt hym best,
Four gentill men is cummyn out off ye west.
Quha dewill yaim maid so galy for to ryde,
In faith with me a wed yar most abyde,
Yir Lewitt Scotts has leryt litill gud, 745
So all yair horsis ar schent for faut of blud.
Into gret scorn withowtyn words mayr,
Ye taillis all off ye four horsis yai schayr.
Ye gud wyff cryede, and petuoufly couth gret.
So Wallace come, and couth ye captayne mete, 750
A woman tald quho yai hys horsis had schent,
For propyr ire he graw in matelent.
He folowid fast, and said, gud freynd abyd,
Seruice to tak for yi craft in yis tyd,
Marshell yow art without cummand off me, 755
Reward agayne, me think, I suld pay ye;
Sen I off laitt now come owt off ye west,
In yis cuntre, a barbour off ye best,
To cutt and schaff, and yat a wondyr gude,
Now yow fall feyll how I oys to lat blude. 760

With hys gud fuerd ye Captayne has he tayne,
Quhill horfs agayne he marcheld cuir nayne.
Anothir sone apon he hed straik he,
Quhill chafts and cheyks upon ye gait can fle.
Be yat hys men ye toyir twa had slayne, 765
Yar horfs yai tuk, and graithit yaim full bayne,
Out off ye toune, for dyner baid yai nayne,
Ye wyff he payit, yat maid so petuous mayne.
Yan Inglisfen, fra yat Chyftane was dede,
To Wallace focht fra mony syndry stede. 770
Off ye castell come cruell men and keyne.
Quhen Wallace has yair fodand semle feyne,
Towart sum strenth he bownyt hym to ryde,
For yan hym thocht it was no tyme to byde.
Yar horfs bled fast, yat gert hym dredyng haiff: 775
Off hys gud men he wald haiff had ye laiff.
To ye Knock-wode withowtyn mor yai raid,
Bot intill it no foiournyng he maid;
Yat wode as yan was noyir thik no lang.
Hys men he gat, syne lychtyt for to gang 780
Towart a hicht, and led yar horfs a quhill.
Ye Inglisfen war yar within a myill,
On fresche horfs rydand full hastely,
Sewyn fcor and ma was in yair chewalry.
Ye Scotts lap on, quhen yai yar power saw, 785
Frawart ye south yaim thocht it best to draw.
Yan Wallace said, it is na wytt in wer,
With our power to byde yaim bargane her;
Zon ar gud men, yarfor I rede yat we,
Euirmar seik, quhill God send sum supple. 790

Halyday

Halyday said, we fall do your cunsaill,
Bot sayr I dreid or yir hurt hors will fail.
Ye Inglis men in burnyft armour cler,
Be yan to yaim approchyt wondyr ner.
Horflyt archars schot fast and wald nocht spar, 795
Off Wallace men yai woundyt twa full far.
In ire he grew, quhen yat he saw yaim bled,
Hymself retornde, and on yaim sone he zeid.
Sexteyn with hym yat worthi was in wer,
Off ye formast rycht freschly down yai ber. 800
At yat retorn fyfteyn in feild war slayne,
Ye laiff fled fast to yair power agayne.
Wallace folowid, with hys gud chewalrye,
Thom Halyday in wer was full besye.
A buschement saw yat cruell was to ken, 805
Twa hundreth haill of weyll gerit Inglis men.
Uncle, he said, our power is to smaw,
Off yis playne feild I consaill you to draw,
To few we ar agayne yon fellounne stail.
Wallace relewynt full sone at hys cunsaill. 810
At ye Torhed full fayne yai wald haiff beyne,
Bot Inglis men weyll has yair purpofs feyne,
In playne battaill yai folowed hardely;
In dangir yus yai held yaim awfully.
Hew of Morland on Wallace folowid fast, 815
He had befor maid mony Scotts agast,
Haldyn he was off wer ye worthiaft man,
In north Inland with yaim was leiffand yan,
In hys armour weyll forgyt of fyne steill,
A nobill cursour bur hym baith fast and weill. 820

Wallace retorned befyd a burly ayk,
 And on hymi fet a felloun fekyr fraik,
 Bathe cannell bayne and schuldir blaid in twa,
 Throch ye mid coft ye gud fuerd gert he ga;
 Hys speyr he wan, and als ye cursour wycht, 825
 Syne left hys awn, for he had lost hys mycht.
 For lak of blud he mycht no foryir gang,
 Wallace on horis, ye Sothroune men amang,
 Hys men relewyt, yat douchty was in deid,
 Hym to reskew out off yat felloun dreid, 830
 Cruell fraikis forfuth yar mycht be feyne,
 On ayir syde, quhill blud ran on ye greyne,
 Rycht peralous ye femlay was to fe.
 Hardy and hat contenynt yis fell melle,
 Skew and Reskew of Scots and Inglis als, 835
 Sum kerwyt bran in fondyr fum ye hals,
 Sum hurt, sum hynt, sum derfly dong to dede.
 Ye hardy Scotts so steryt in yat stede,
 With Halyday on fute bauldly yai baid,
 Amang Sothroune a full gret roume yai maid. 840
 Wallace on horis, in hand a nobill sper,
 Out throch yaim raid, as gud Chyftane in wer.
 Thre flew he yar or yat hys sper was gayne,
 Yan hys gud fuerd in hand sone has he tain,
 Hewyt on hard with dynts sad and far, 845
 Quhat ane he hytt grewyt ye Scotts no mar.
 Fra Sothroune men be natural refone knew,
 How with a fraik a man cuir he flew,
 Yan merweld yai he was so mekill of mayne,
 For yar best man in yat kynd he had slayne, 850
 Yat

Yat hys gret strenth agayne hym helpyt nocht,
Nor nane oyir in contrar Wallace socht;
Yan said yai all, lest he in strenth untayne,
Yis haill Kynryk he will wyn hym allayne.
Yai lest ye feild, syne to yair power fled, 855
And tald yair lord how ewill ye formeist sped,
Quhilk Graystock hecht, was new cummyn in ye land,
Yarfor he trewit nane durst agayne hym stand;
Wondyr hym thocht quhen yat he saw yat sycht,
Quhy hys gud men for sa few tuk ye flycht. 860
At yat retorn twentye in feild was tynt,
And Morland als, yarfor he wald nocht stynt,
Bot folowed fast with thre hundreth but dreid,
And swowr he wald be wengyt on yat deid.
Ye Scotts wan horsis, because yair awne couth faill, 865
In fleying syne chesd yaim ye maist awaill.
Out off yat feild yus wycht Wallace is gayne,
Off hys gud men he had nocht losyt ayne;
Fyffe woundyt war, yhet blythly furth yai raid.
Wallace a space behynd yaim ay he baid, 870
And Halyday prewyt weill in mony place,
Sib festirs sone he was to gud Wallace.
Warly yai raid, and held yair horsis in aynd,
For yai trowide weyll Sothroune wald afaynd.
With haill power at anys on yaim to sett; 875
Bot Wallace kest yair power for to lett;
To brek yair ray he besyit hym full fast.
Yan Inglisemen so gretly was agast,
Yat nane off yaim durst rusche out off ye stail,
All in aray held yaim togydder haill. 880

Ye Sothroune saw how yat so bandounly,
 Wallace abaid ner hand yair chewalry.
 Be Morlands horfs yai knew hym wondyr weill,
 Past to yair lord, and tauld hym euir ilk deill.
 So schyr, yai said, forfuth zon samyn is he, 885
 Yat with hys hand gerrs so mony de;
 Haiff hys horfs grace upon hys feyt to byde,
 He dreds nocht through Fyffe thousand to ryde;
 We rede ze cefs, and folow hym na mar,
 For drede yat we repent it fyne full far. 890
 He blamyt yaim, and said, men weyll may se,
 Cowarts ze ar, zat for so few wald fle.
 For yair cunsaill zett leiff yaim wald he nocht,
 In gret ire he apon yaim sadly socht,
 Wailland a place quhar he mycht bargane mak. 895
 Wallace was wa upon hym for to tak,
 And he so few, to bid yaim on a playne;
 At Quenysbery he wald haiff beyne full sayne.
 Apon hymself he tuk full gret trawail
 To fend hys men, gyff yat mycht ocht awail. 900
 A fuerd he drew, rycht man lik hym to wer,
 Ay wayttand fast gyff he mycht get a sper.
 Now her, now yar, befor yaim to and fra,
 Hys horfs gaiff our, and mycht no feryir ga,
 Rycht at ye skyrt off Quenysbery befell; 905
 Bot upon grace, as my autor will tell,
 Schyr Jhone ye Grayme, yat worthi was and wycht,
 To ye Torhed come on ye toythir nycht,
 Threty with hym off nobill men at wage,
 Ye fyrst docht yr he had in mariage. 910

Off Haladay was neuo to Wallace,
Tithyngs to sper Schyr Jhone past off yat place,
With men to spek, quhar yai a tryft had set,
Rycht ner ye steid quhar Scotts and Inglisimen.
Ane Kyrkpatrick, yat cruell was and keyne, 915
In Efsdaill wode yat half zer he had beyne.
With Inglisimen he couth nocht weill accord,
Off Torthorowald he Barion was and lord.
Off kyn he was to Wallace modyr ner,
Off Crawford syd yat mydward had to ster; 920
Twenty he had of worthi men and wyght.
Be yan Wallace approchyt to yair sycht.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme, quhen he ye cowntir saw,
On yaim he raid, and stud bot litell aw;
Hys gud fadyr he knew rycht woudyr weill, 925
Kest doune hys sper, and sonzeit not a deill.
Kirkpatryk als, with worthi men in wer,
Fyffty in fronte at anys doune yai ber;
Throch ye thikkeft of thre hundreth yai raid,
On Sothroune men full gret slauchter yai maid. 930
Yaim to reskew yat was in fellone thrang,
Wallace on fute ye gret power amang,
Gud roume he gat throch help of Godds grace.
Ye Sothroune fled, and left yaim in yat place.
Hors yai ran to stuff ye chafs gud spede, 935
Wallace and hys yat douchty was in dede.
Graystok tuk flycht on stern hors and stout,
A hundreth held togydder in a rout.
Wallace on yaim full sadly couth persew,
Ye sleying weill off Inglisimen he knew, 940

At

At ay ye best wald pass with yair Cheyftane;
 Befor hym he fand gud Schyr Jhone ye Grayme,
 Ay frykand doune quham euir he mycht ourhy.
 Yan Wallace said, yis is bot waist foly,
 Comons to slay, whar Cheyftanes gayis away; 945
 Zour horfs is fresche, yarfor do as I say.
 Gud men-yow haiff ar zett in nobill stait,
 To yon gret rout, for Godds luff bald your gait,
 Sowndyr yaim sone, we fall cum at your hand.
 Quhen Schyr Jhone had hys tayll weyll undirstand, 950
 Off nane oyir fra ynceforth tuk he heid,
 To ye formast he folowit with gud speid.
 Kyrkpatryk als confideryt yair cunsaill,
 Yan chargyt yair men to folow on ye staill.
 At hys cummand full sone with yaim yai mett. 955
 Sad straikis and sayr apon yaim sadly sett.
 Schyr Jhone ye Grayme to Graystok fast he socht,
 Hys pryfs pisan yan helpyt hym ycht nocht
 Apon ye crag a graith straik gat hym rycht;
 Ye burly blaide was braid and burnyft brycht, 960
 In sondyr kerwyt ye mailzeis off fyne steill,
 Throch bayne and brawne it procht euir ilk deill;
 Dede with yat dynt to ye erd doune hym draiff
 Be yat Wallace was sembland with ye laiff.
 Derfly to dede feyle strekys yar he dycht, 965
 Rayfs neuir agayne quhat ane at he hitt rycht,
 Kyrkpatryk yan, Thom Halyday, and yair men,
 Yair douchty deid was nobill for to ken.
 At ye Knockheid ye bauld Graystock was slayne,
 And mony man quhilk was off mekill mayne. 970
 To

To saiff yair lyff part in ye wode is past,
Ye Scottsmen yan relewit togyddir fast.
Quhen yat Wallace with Schyr Jhone Graymewas met,
Rycht gudlye he with humylnes hym gret ;
Pardoune he aft off ye rapreiff befor, 975
Into ye chafs, and said, he suld no mor
Formatione mak off hym yat was so gud.
Quhen yat Schyr Jhone Wallace weil undirflud,
Do away, he said, yareff as now na mar,
You did full rycht, it was for our weilfar, 980
Wysar in weyr ze ar all out yan I,
Fadyr in armefs ye ar to me for yi.
Kyrkpatryk syne, yat was hys eufyng der,
He thankyt hym rycht on a gud maner.
Not ane was lost off all yair chewalry ; 985
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme to yaim come happely.
Ye day was doune, and prochand was ye nycht,
At Wallace yai askyt hys consaill rycht.
He ansuerd yus, I spek bot with your leiff,
Rycht laith I war ony gud man to greiff, 990
Bot yus I say, in termes schort for me,
I wald sailze, giff ze think it may be,
Lowmaban Houfs, quhilk now is left allayne,
For weil I wait power in it is lewynt nayne ;
Carlawerok als zeit Maxwell has in hand ; 995
And we had yis, yai mycht be bathe a wand
Agayne Sothroune yat now has our cuntre,
Say quhat ze will, yis is ye best think me.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme gaiff fyrst his gud consent,
Syne all ye laiff, rycht with a hail entent. 1000

To Lowmaban rycht hastely yai ryde,
Quhen yai cum ner nocht half a myill besyde,
Ye nycht was myrk, to cunfaill ar yai gayne,
Off mune nor stern perans was yar nayne.
Yan Wallace said, me think, ye land at rest, 1005
Thom Halyday, yow knawis yis cuntre best;
I her no noyis off feyll folk her about,
Yarfor I trew we ar ye less in dout.
Halyday said, I will tak ane with me,
And ryde befor ye manir for to se. 1010
Watfone he callyt, with me yow mak ye boune,
With yaim yow was a nychtbour off yis toun.
I grant I was with yaim agayne my will,
Myne entent is cuir to do yaim ill.
Unto ye zeitt yir twa pertly furth raid, 1015
Ye portar come without langar abaide,
At Jhone Watfone sone tythings he couth as,
Opyn he bad ye captayne cummand was.
Ye zeitt, but mayr, unwisly up he drew.
Thom Haldan sone be ye craig hym threw, 1020
And with a knyff he stekit hym to dede,
In a dyrk holl kest hym doune in yat sted.
Jhon Watfone syne has hynt ye keyis in hand,
Ye power yan with Wallace was cummand;
Yai entryt in, befor yaim fand na ma, 1025
Excep wemen, and sympill serwands twa,
In ye kiching scudlers lang tyme had beyne,
Sone yai war slayne. Quhen Halyday had yaim seyne,
Grace, sche cryit, for hym yat deit on tre.
Yan Wallace said, mademe your noyis lat be, 1030
To

To wemen zeitt we do bot litill ill,
Na zong childir we lik for to spill.
I wald haiff meyt Halyday quhat sayis zow;
For fastand folk to dyne gud tyme war now.
Gret purwiance was ordand yaim befor, 1035
Bathe breid and aylle gud wyne and byir stor.
To meyt yai bownyt, for yai had fastyt lang,
And men of armes into ye clofs gert gang.
Part fleand folk on fute yat fra yaim glaid,
On ye Knockhed, quhar gret melle was maid, 1040
Ay as yai come Jhon Watsone leit yaim in,
And doun to dede withoutyn noyis or din,
Na man left yar yat was of Ingland born.
Ye castell weill yai wesyf on ye morn,
For Jhonstoun, send a man off gud degre, 1045
Secund dochtir forfuth weddyt had he
Off Halydays, der neuo to Wallace,
Gret captayne yai maid hym off yat place.
Yai leyffit hym yar intill a gud aray,
Syne ufchyt furth apon ye second day. 1050
Wemen had leyff in Ingland for to fayr.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme and gud Wallace couth cayr.
To ye Torhed, and lugyt all yat nycht;
Upon ye morn ye sone was at ye hycht,
Estir dyner yai wald na langar byde, 1055
Yar purpofs tuk in Crawford mur to ryde.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme, with Wallace yat was wycht,
Jhon Halyday, agayne ratorned rycht
To ye Tor-hall, and yar remanyt but dreid.
Na Sothroune wyf pryncipal quha did yis deid. 1060

Kyrkpatrik past in Aifdaill wodds wyde,
In faufte yar he thocht he fuld abyde.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme, and gud Wallace in feir,
With yaim fortye of men in armys cleir,
Throch Crawford mur as yat yai tuk ye way, 1065
On Inglifmen yair mynde remaynyt ay.
From Crawford-Jhon ye wattir doun yai ryd,
Ner hand ye nycht yai lychtyt apon Clyd;
Yair purpofs tuk intill a quiet waill.
Yan Wallace faid, I wald we mycht affaill 1070
Crawfurd caftell, with fum gud jeperte,
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme, how fay ze beft may be?
Yis gud knycht faid, and ye men war without,
To tak ye houfs yar is bot litill doubt.
A squier yan rewllit yat lordfchipe haill, 1075
Off Cumbyrland borne, hys nayme was Martyndaill,
Yan Wallace faid, myfelf will pafs in feyr,
And ane with me off herbre for to fpeyr;
Folow on dreich, gyff yat we myftir ocht.
Edwarde Litill with hys myftir forth focht 1080
Till ane Oyftry, and with a woman met.
Sche tald to yaim yat Sothroune yar was fet;
And ze be Scotts, I cunfaill yow pafs by,
For, and yai may, ze will get ewill herbry;
At drynk yai ar, fo haiff yai beyne rycht lang, 1085
Gret worde yar is off Wallace yaim amang;
Yai trew yat he has found hys men agayne,
At Lowchmaban feyll Inglifmen ar flayne,
Yat houfs is tynt, yat gers yaim be full wa,
I trow to God yat yai fall fone tyne ma. 1090

Wallace

Wallace sperd, off Scotland giff sche be.

Sche said hym, za, and thinkis zet to se

Sorow on yaim, throw help of Gods Grace.

He askyt hyr quha was into ye place.

Na man of fens is left yat hous within, 1095

Twentye ar her makand gret noys and din.

Allace, sche said, giff I mycht anys se,

Ye worthi Scotts maist mastir in it to be.

With yis woman he wald na langar stand,

A bekyn he maid, Schyr Jhon come at hys hand. 1100

Wallace went in, and said, *benedicite*.

Ye captayne speryt, quhat bellamy may yow be

Yat cummys so grym, sum tithings till us tell,

Yow art a Scott, ye dewyll yi natione quell.

Wallace braid out hys suerd withoutyn mar, 1105

In to ye breyst ye bryme captayne he bar,

Throuhout ye cost, and stekyt hym te ded.

Ane oyir he hytt awkwart apon ye hed;

Quham euir he strak he byrftyt bayne and lyr,

Feill off yaim dede fell thwortour in ye fyr. 1110

Haifty payment he maid yaim on ye slur,

And Edward Litill kepyt weill ye dur.

Schyr Jhon ye Grayme full fayne wald haiff beyne in,

Edwarde hym bad at ye castell begyn,

For off yir folk we haiff bot litill dreid. 1115

Schyr Jhone ye Grayme fast to ye castell zeid.

Wallace rudly sic routs to yaim gaiff,

Yai twenty men derfly to dede yai draiff;

Fyfteyn he straik, and fyfteyne has he slayne,

Edwarde slew fyfe quhilk was of mekill mayne. 1120

To ye castell Wallace had gret desyr.
Be yat Schyr Jhone had sett ye zett in fyr;
Nane was yarin at gret defens couth ma,
Bot wemen fast far wepand into wa.
Without ye place ane ald bulwark was maid, 11125
Wallace zeid our without langar abaïd,
Ye women sone he sauffyt fra ye dede,
Waik folk he put, and barnys off yat stede.
Off purwiance yai fand letill or nane,
Befor yat tyme yair wictaill was all gayne; 11130
Zeit in yat place yai lugyt still yat nycht,
Fra Oystre brocht sic guds as yai mycht.
Apon ye morn ye hous yai spolze fast,
All things yat doucht out off yat place yai cast.
Tre wark yai brynt, yat was into-ya wanys, 11135
Wallis brak doune yat stalwart war off stanys.
Spylt at yai mycht, fyne wald na langar byde,
On till Dundaff yat samyn nycht yai ryde,
And lugyt yar with myrth and plesance,
Thankand Gret God yat lent yaim sic a chance. 11140

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THE
L I F E
O F
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, &c.

BOOK VI.

Wallace Marries—His Wife Killed at Lanark—He Slays
Hefilrig, and takes Lanark—Grimsby or Jop, his Squire,
comes to him—Joined by many—Fights a battle at Big-
gar against the King of England—At Kopis Bog—Chosen
Governor of Scotland—Takes a Castle near the Water
of Cree—Makes Peace with the Chancellor of England,

YAN passyt was Utafs off Feuerzher,
And part of March of rycht degestioun; The war
Apperyd yan ye last moneth of wer,
Ye syng off sommir with hys suet fessoun.
Be yat Wallace of Dundaff maid hym boune; 5
Hys leyff he tuk, and to Gilbank can fair.
Ye rewmour raisis throoch Scotland up and doune,
With Inglisemen, yat Wallace leiffand war.
In Aprill quhen cleithit is but weyne,
Ye abill grounde be wyrkyng off natur, 10
And wodds has won yair worthi weid of greyne,
Quhen Nympheus, in beldyn off hys hour,
With

With oyle and balm fulfillyt off suet odour,
Famus maters, as yai war wount to gang,
Walkyn yair cours in euery casuall hour, 15
To glad ye huntar with yair merye sang.
In yis samyn tyme to hym approchit new
Hys lusty payne, ye quhill I spak off ayr,
Bè luffs caufs, he thocht to persew
In Laynryk toune, and thyddir he can fayr; 20
At refidence a quhill ramanyt yair
In hyr presence as I said off befor;
Thoch Inglis men was grewyt at hys repayr,
Zitt he desyrit ye thing yat sat hym far.
Ye feyr off wer rewlyt hym on sic wifs, 25
He lykit weill with yat gudlye to be.
Quhill wald he think off danger for to rys,
And oyir quhill out off hyr presens fle.
To cefs off wer it war ye best for me,
Yus wyn I nocht bot sadnes on all syde. 30
Sall neuir man yis cowartyfs in me se,
To wer I will, for chance yat may betyde.
Quhat is yis luff? it is bot gret myschance,
Yat me wald bryng fra armefs utterly;
I will nocht los my worschipe for plesance, 35
In wer I think my tyme till occupy,
Yett hyr to luff I will nocht lat for yi,
Mor sall I desyr hyr freindschipe to reserue,
Fra yis day furth yan cuir befor did I,
In fer of wer, quheyir I leiff or sterue. 40
Quhat fuld I say, Wallace was playnly set
To luff hyr best in all yis world so wyde,

Thinkand

Thinkand he fuld off hys defyr to gett;
And so befell by concord in a tyde,
Yat sche maid at hys cummand to byde, 45
And yus began ye styntyn off yis stryff,
Begynnyng, band with graith witnes belyde,
Myne auñtor sayis, sche was hys rychtwyfs wyff.
Now leiff in pefs, now leiff in gud concord,
Now leiff in blyfs, now leiff in haill plesance, 50
For sche be choss has bath hyr luff and lord.
He thinkis als luff did hym hye awance,
So ewenly held he fauour ye ballance,
Sen he at will may lap hyr in hys armys.
Sche thankyt God of hyr fre happy chance, 55
For in hys tyme he was ye flour of armys.
Fortoun hym schawit hyr fygowrt doubill face,
Feyll fyfs or yan he had beyne set abusf.
In presoun now, delyveryt now throw Grace,
Now at unefs, now into rest and ruff; 60
Now weyll at wyll, weyldand hys plesand luff,
As thocht hymselff out off aduersite,
In curage set apon ye stags hye,
Ye werray treuth I can nocht graithly tell.
Into yis lyff how lang at yai had beyne; 65
Throch naturall cours off generatioune befell,
A child was chewyt yir twa luffars betuene,
Quhilk gudly was a madyn brycht and schene;
So forthyr furth, be ewyn tyme off hyr age,
A squier schaw, as yat full weill was seyne, 70
Yis lyflat man hyr gat in mariage.
Rycht gudly men come off yis lady zong.

Forthyr

Forthyr off hyr as now I spek na mar;
Bot Wallace furth intill hys wer can ryng;
He mycht nocht cefs gret curage so hym bar; 75
Sothroune to flaw for dreid he wald nocht spar,
And yai oftfys feill caufs till hym wrocht,
Fra yat tyme furth, quhilk mowit hyr fer mar,
Now leiff yi myrth, now leiff yi haill plesance,
Now leiff yi blifs, now leiff yi childs age, 80
Now leiff yi zouth, folow yi hard chance,
Now leiff yi lust, now leiff yi mariage,
Now leiff yi luff, for yow fall los a gage
Quhilk neuir in Erd fall be redemyt agayne;
Folow fortune, and all hyr fers owtrage, 85
Go leiff in wer, go leiff in cruell payne.
Fy on fortoun, fy on ye frewall quheyll,
Fy on yai traist, for hyr it has no leif,
Yow transfiggowryt Wallace out of hys weill,
Quhen he traistyt for till haiff lefyt best, 90
Hys plesance her to hym was bot a gest;
Throw yi fers cours, yat has na hap to ho,
Hym yow ourthrew out of hys likland rest,
Fra gret plesance, in wer traiwaill and wo.
Quhat is fortune, quha dryffs ye dell so fast? 95
We wait yar is bathe weill and wykit chance;
Bot yis fals warld, with mony doubill cast,
In it is nocht bot werray wariance,
It is nothing till hewenly gowernance.
Yan pray we all to ye Makar abowe, 100
Quhilk has in hand of justry ye ballance,
Yat he us grant of hys der lestand lowe.

Heroff as now furthir I spek na mar,
Bot to my purpos schortlye will I fayr.
Twelff hundreth zer yarto nynte and sewyn,
Fra Cryft was born ye rychtwyfs King of Hewyn,
Wilzham Wallace into gud liking gaes,
In Laynrik toune amang hys mortail fayis.
Ye Inglifmen, yat euir fals has beyne,
With Hefilryg quhilk cruell was and keyne,
And Robert Thorn, a felloun sutell knycht,
Has found ye way be quhat meyn best yai mycht,
How yat yai suld mak contrar to Wallace,
Be argument, as he come upon cas,
On fra ye kyrk, yat was without ye toune,
Quhill yair power mycht be in harnes boun.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme bathe hardy wyfs and trew,
To Laynrik come, gud Wallace to persew,
Off hys weyllfayr, as he full oft had feyne,
Gud men he had in cumpany fyfteyne,
And Wallace nyne, yai war na fers ma;
Upon ye morn unto ye mefs yai ga,
Yai and yair men graithyt in gudly greyne,
For ye sesson sic oysfull lang has beyne.
Quhen sadly yai had said yair dewotioun,
Ane argunde yaim, as yai went throch ye toune,
Ye starkast man yat Hefylryg yan knew,
And als he had off lychtly words ynew.
He salust yaim, as it war bot in scorn,
Dewgar, gud day, Bone Senzhour, and, gud morn.
Quhom scornys yow? quoth Wallace, quha lerd ye?
Quhy, syr, he said, come ze not new owr se?

Pardoun

Pardoun me yan, for I wend ze had beyne,
 Ane Imbasset to bring ane uncouth queyne.
 Wallace anfuerd, sic pardoune as we haiff 133
 In oyfs to gyff, yi part yow fall not craiff.
 Sen ze ar Scotts, zeit salust fall ze be,
Gud deyn, Dauch Lard, bath lowth banzoth a de.
 Ma Sothroune men to yaim assemblyt yar.
 Wallace as yan was laith to mak a ster. 140
 Ane maid a scrip and tyt at hys lang fuerd.
 Hald still yi hand, quoth he, and spek yi werd.
 With ye lang fuerd you makis mekill boft.
 Yaroff, quoth he, yi Deme maid litell cost.
 Quhat caufs has yow to wer yat gudlye greyne? 145
 My maift caufs is bot for to mak ye teyne.
 Quhat fuld a Scott do with sa fayr a knyff?
 Sa said ye Prest yat last janglyt yi wyff;
 Yat woman lang has tillit hym so fayr,
 Quhill yat hys child worthit to be yne ayr. 150
 Methink, quoth he, yow drywys me to scorn,
 Yi deme has beynet japyt or yow was born.
 Ye power yan assemblit yaim about.
 Twa hundreth men yat stalwart war and stout.
 Ye Scotts saw yair power was cummand, 155
 Schyr Robert Thorn and Hefilryg at hand,
 Ye multitude with wappynys burnyft beyne.
 Amang Sothroune sic dynts gaiff yat tyde,
 Quhill blude on breide byrftyt fra wounds wyde.
 Wallace in stour was cruelly fechtand, 160
 Fra a Sothroune he smatt off ye rycht hand,
 And quhen yat carle off fychtyng mycht na mar,
 With

With ye left hand in ire held a buklar.

Yan fra ye stowmpe ye blud out spurgyt fast,

In Wallace face aboundandlye can outcast. 163

Into gret part it marryt hym of hys fycht.

Schyr Jhone ye Grayme a straik has tayne hym rycht,

With hys gud fuerd, apon ye Sothroune fyr,

Derfly to dede draiff hym into yat ire.

Ye perill was rycht awfull hard and strang, 170

Ye stour enduryt marwalously and lang.

Ye Inglisemen gadryt felloun fast,

Ye worthi Scotts ye gait left at ye last.

Quhen yai had slayne and woundyt mony,

To Wallace In, ye gaynest way yai can, 175

Yai passit sone, defendand yaim rycht weill,

He and Schyr Jhone, with fuerds stiff of steill,

Behind yair men, quhill yai ye zett had tayne.

Ye woman yan, quhilk was full will of wayne,

Ye perell saw, with felloun noyis and dyn, 180

Gat up ye zett, and leit yaim entir in.

Throch till a strenth yai passit of yat feid.

Fyftye Sothroune apon ye gait war deid.

Yis fayr woman did befinis and hyr mycht,

Ye Inglisemen to tary with a flycht, 185

Quhill yat Wallace on to wode was past;

Yan Cartlane craigs ye perfewit full fast.

Quhen Sothroune saw yat chapyt was Wallace,

Agayne yai turnyt, ye woman tuk on cace,

Put hyr to dede, I can nocht tell yow how, 190

Off sic mater I may nocht tary now,

Quhar gret dulle is, bot rademyng agayne,

Newyn of it is bot ekyng of payne.

A trew woman, had seruit hyr full lang,

Out of ye toune ye gaynest way can gang, 195

Till Wallace tauld quhow all yis dede was done,

Ye paynefull wo focht till hys hart full sone;

War nocht for schayme he had focht to ye ground,

For byttyr baill yat in hys breyft was bound.

Schyr Jhone ye Grayme, baith wyfs, gentill and fre,

Gret murnyng maid, yat pete was to se;

And als ye laiff yat was assemblit yar,

For pure sorrow wepyt with hart full far.

Quhen Wallace feld yair curage was so small,

He fenzeit hym for to cumfort yaim all. 205

Cefs, men, he said, yis is a butlafs payne,

We can nocht now chewyfs hyr lyff agayne.

Unefs a word he mycht bryng out for teyne,

Ye bailfull ters bryft braithly fra hys eyne.

Sichand, he said, fall neuir man me se 210

Rest intill oyfs, quhill yis deid wrokyn be,

Ye saklace slauchter off hyr blyth and brycht,

Yat I awow to ye Makar of mycht,

Yat off yat natioune I fall neuir forber,

Zong nor ald, yat abill is to wer; 215

Preyfts no wemen I think for to fla,

In my defaut bot yai me caufing ma.

Schyr Jhon, he said, lat all yis murnyng be,

And for hyr saik yair fall ten thousand de;

Quhar men may weipe, yar curage is ye less, 220

It flakis ire of wrang yai fuld radress.

Off yair complaynt as I now I say no mar,

Off

Off Awchinlek off Gilbank duelt yar.
Quhen he hard tell of Wallace wexatioune,
To Cartlane wode with ten men maid hym boune, 225
Wallace he fand sum part within ; ye nycht
To Laynryk toune in all haift yai yaim dycht.
Ye wache off yaim as yan had letill heid,
Partyt yair men, and diuerfs gats zeid.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme, and hys gud cumpany, 230
To Schyr Robert of Thorn full fast yai hy.
Wallace and hys to Hefilryg sone past,
In a heich hous quhar he was slepand fast,
Straik at ye dur with hys fute hardely,
Quhill bar and braifs in ye flour he gert ly. 235
Ye schirreff cryit, quha makis yat gret deray ?
Wallace, he said, yat yow has socht all day,
Ye womannis dede, will God, yow fall der by-
Hefylryg thocht it was na tyme to ly,
Out off yat hous full fayne he wald haiff beyne. 240
Ye nycht was myrk, zeitt Wallace has hym seyne,
Fircely hym straik, as he come, in gret ire,
Apon ye heid, birfyt through bayne and lyre,
Ye scherand fuerd glaid till hys coler bayne,
Out our ye stayr amang yaim is he gayne. 245
Gud Awchinlek trowit not yat he was dede,
Thryfs with a knyff stekit hym in yat stede.
Ye Scry about raifs rudly on ye streyt,
Feill off ye layff was fulzeit undir feyt.
Zong Hefilryg and wycht Wallace is met, 250
A sekry strak Wilzham has on hym set,
Derfly to dede off ye stair dang hym down.

Mony yai flew yat nycht in Laynrik toune,
Sum grets lap, and sum stekyt within,
Afferd yai war with hidwifs noyis and din. 255
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme had set ye houfs in fyr,
Quhar Robert Thorn was byrnt up bayne and lyr,
Twelffe scor yai flew yat was of Ingland born,
Wemen yai lewynt and preysts on ye morn
To pass yair way, of blifs and guds bar, 260
And swour yat yai agayne suld cum no mar.
Quhen Scotts herd yir fyne tythings anew,
Out off all part to Wallace fast yai drew,
Plenyft ye toune quhilk was yair heretage.
Yus Wallace straiff agayne yat gret barnage, 265
Sa he began with strenth and stalwart hand,
To chewyfs agayne sum rowmys of Scotland.
Ye worthi Scotts, yat semblyt till hym yar,
Chesyt hym for Cheyff, yair Cheyftane and Ledar.
Amer Wallang, a futell tyrand knycht, 270
In Bothwell duelt, King Edwards man full rycht.
Murray was out, thoch he was rychtwyfs lord
Off all yat land as trew men will racord;
In till Aran he was duelland yat tyde,
And oyir men in yis land durst nocht byde; 275
Bot yis fals knycht in Bothwell wounand was;
A man he gert sone to King Edward pas,
And tauld hym hail of Wallace ordinance,
How he had put hys pepill to mischance,
And playnly was ryffyn agayne to ryng. 280
Greuit yarat rycht gretly was ye King;
Throuch all Ingland he gert hys Doars cry,

Power to get, and said, he wald playnly
In Scotland pass, yat, rewme to statut new.
Feill men off wer till hym full fast yai drew. 285
Ye Queyne feld weill quhow yat hys purpos was,
Till hym sche went, on kneis fyne can hym as,
He wald resist, and nocht in Scotland gang,
He suld haiff dreid to wyrk so felloun wrang;
Cryftyne yai ar, zone is yar heretage, 290
To reyff yat croune yat is a gret owtrage.
For hyr cunsaill at hayme he wald nocht byde,
Hys lords hym fet in Scotland for to ryde.
A Scotts man yan duellyt with Edward,
Quhen he hard tell yat Wallace tuk sic part, 295
He staw fra yaim as priwale as he may;
Into Scotland he come upon a day,
Sekand Wallace he maid hym reddy boune.
Yis Scott was born at Kyle in Ricardtoun,
All Ingland cost he knew it wondyr weill, 300
Fra Hull about to Brysto euir ilk deill;
Fra Carleill throch Sandwich yat royll stede,
Fra Douir our on to Sanct Beis hede;
In Pykarte and Flandyrs he had beyne,
All Normonde and Frans haill he had seyne; 305
A purfiwant till King Edward in wer,
Bot he couth neuir gar hym hys armys ber;
Off gret statur, and sum part gray was he,
Ye Inglis men cald hym Vot Grymmysbe.
To Wallace come, and into Kyle hym fand, 310
He tauld hym haill ye tithings of Ingland.
Yai turnyt hys nayme, fra tym yai hym knew,

And cald hym Jop, off Ingen he was trew;
In all hys tyme gud seruice in hym fand,
Gaiff hym to ber ye armes of Scotland, 315
Wallace agayne in Cliddisdail sone raid
And hys power semblyt withowtyn baid,
He gart cummand, quha yat hys pefs wald tak,
A fre remyt he fuld ger to yaim mak,
For all kyn deid yat yai had doyne befor. 320
Ye Perfyteis Pefs and Schyr Ranalds was worn.
Feill till hym drew yat bauldly durst abyde,
Off Wallace kyn, fra mony diuers fyde.
Schyr Ranald yan fend hym hys power hail,
Hymself durst nocht be knawyn in battail 325
Agayne Sothroune, for he had maid a band,
Lang tyme befor, to hald off yaim hys land.
Adam Wallace past out off Ricardtoun,
And Robert Boyd, with gud men off renoune.
Off Cunyngayme and Kille come men off wail, 330
To Laynrik socht, on hors a thousand hail.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme, and hys gud chewalre,
Schyr Jhon of Tynto, with men yat he mycht be,
Gud Awchinlek, yat Wallace uncle was,
Mony trew Scott with yat Cheyftane couth pass, 335
Thre thousand hail of likly men in wer,
And feile in fute quhilk wantyt hors and ger.
Ye tyme be yis was cummand apon hand;
Ye awfull oft, with Edward off England,
To Beggar come, with sexte thousand men, 340
In wer weds yat cruell war to ken.

Yai planyt yt yar feild with tents and pailzonis,

Quhar

Quhar claryouns blew full mony mychty fonis,
Plenyft yat place with gud wittail and wyne,
In carts brocht yair purwiance dewine. 345
Ye awfull King gert twa herralds be brocht,
Gaiff yaim cummand, in all ye haift yai mocht,
To charge Wallace, yat he fuld come hym till,
Without promys, and put hym in hys will ;
Becaus we wait he is a gentill man, 350
Cum in my grace, and I fall faiff hym yan ;
As for hys lyff I will upon me tak ;
And eftir yis, gyff he couth seruice mak,
He fall haiff wage yat may hym weill suffice.
Yat rebald wenys, for he has done supprifs 355
To my pepill oft upon awentur,
Agaynes me he may nocht lang endur.
To yis proffyr gainstandand giff he be,
Her I awow he fall be hangyt hye.
A zong squier was broyir off Schyr Hew, 360
He thocht he wald dysgyfit to perfew,
Wallace to se yat tuk fa hie a part,
Borne systirs sone he was to King Edwart.
A cot off armes he tuk on hym but baid,
With ye harrolds full priwale he raid 365
To Tinto hill withowtyn residens,
Quhar Wallace lay with hys folk, at defens.
A likly oft, as of fa few, yai fand ;
Till hym yai socht, and wald na langar stand.
Gyff yow be he yat rewallis all this thing, 370
Credence we haiff brocht fra our worthi King.
Yan Wallace gart thre knychts till hym call,

Syne red ye wryt in presens of yaim all.

To yaim he said, anfuere ye fall nocht craiff,

Be wryt or word, quhilk likis yow best till haiff. 375

In wryt, yai said, it war ye liklyast ;

Yan Wallace yus began to dyt in haft.

“ Yow reyffar king chargis me throw cask,

“ Yat I suld cum, and put me in yi grace ;

“ Gyff I gaynstand, you hechtis till hyng me, 380

“ I wow to God, and euir I may tak ze,

“ Yow fall be hangyt, ane exempill to geiff,

“ To kings off reyff, als lang as I may leiff.

“ Yow proffers me yi wage for till haiff,

“ I ze defy, yi power and all ye laiff 385

“ Yat helpis ze her, off yi fals natioune,

“ Will God zow fall be put off yis regioune,

“ Or de yarfor, contrar yocht you had fuorn,

“ Yow fall us se or nyne hours to morn,

“ Battaill to gyff, magre off all yi kyn, 390

“ For falsly yow sekis our rewme to wyn.”

Yis wryt he gaiff to ye harrolds but mar,

And gud reward he gart delyuer yaim yar.

Bot Jop knew weyll ye squier zong Sir Hew,

And tald Wallace, for he was euir trew ; 395

Yan he cummand, yat yai suld sone yaim tak,

Hymself began a sayr cufyng to mak.

Squier, he said, sen zow has fenzeit armys,

On ye fall fall ye fyrst part of yair harmys,

Sampill to geyff till all yi fals natioune. 400

Apon ye hill he gert yaim set hym doune,

Straik off hys heid, or yai wald forthyr go.

To

To ye harrold said syne withoutyn ho,
For yow art fals till armys and maynsuorn,
Throuch yi chekks yi tong fall be out schorn. 405
Quhen yat was doyn, yan to ye thrid said he,
Armys to juge yow fall neuir graithly se.
He gert a smyth, with hys turkas rycht yar,
Pow owt hys eyne, syne gaiff yaim leiff to far.
To zour fals king yi falow fall zow leid, 410
With my ansuer turfs hym hys newois heid,
Yus far I drede ye king, and all hys boft.
Hys dum falow led hym on to yair oft.
Quhen King Edwardde hys harrolds yus has seyne,
In propyr ire he wox ner wode for teyne, 415
Yat he nocht wyft-on quhat wyfs hym to wreck,
For sorow almaist a word he mycht nocht spek.
A lang quhill he stud wrythand in a rage,
On loud he said, yis is a fell owtrage,
Yis deid to Scotts full der it fall be bocht; 420
Sa dispitefull in warld was neuir wrocht.
Off yis regioun I think nocht for to gang,
Quhill tyme yat I fall se yat rybald hang.
Latt I hym yus intill hys sorow duell,
Off ye gud Scotts schortlye I will zow tell, 425
Furth fra hys men yat Wallace rakit rycht,
Till hym he tald Schyr Jhon Tynto ye knycht,
And leit hym witt, to wesfy hymself wald ga
Ye Inglis oft, and bad hym tell na ma,
Quhateuir yai speryt, quhill yat he come agayne. 430
Wallace dysgyfit yus bownyt our ye playne.
Betwix Cultir and Biggar as he past,

He

He was war quhar a werk man come fast,
Dryfande a mere, and pychars he had to sell.
Gud freind, he said, in trewth will yow me tell, 435
With yis chaffar quhar passis yow treuly.
Till ony, schyr, quha likis for to by,
It is my crafft, and I wald sell yaim fayne:
I will yaim by, sa God me saiff fra payne;
Quhat pryce, latt her, I will tak yaim ilk ane. 440
Bot half a mark, for sic pryfs haiff I tane.
Twenty shillings, Wallace said, zow fall haiff;
I will haiff mar, pychars and all ye laiff;
Yi gowne and hoifs in haift you put off syne,
And mak a change, for I fall geyff yow meyne, 445
And yi ald hud, becaufs it is thred bar.
Ye inan wend weyll he had scornyt hym yar.
Do, tary nocht, it is futh I yow say.
Ye man kest off hys febill weid off gray,
And Wallace hys, and payit siluer in hand. 450
Pafs on, he said, yow art a proud merchand.
Ye goune and hoifs in clay yat claggat was,
Ye hude hecklyt, and maid hym for to pafs.
Ye quhipe he tuk, syne furth ye mar can call,
Atour a bray ye omaft pot ger fall, 455
Brak on ye ground. Ye man leuch at hys fair,
Bot you bewar, yow tynis off yi chaffair.
Ye sone be yan was passit out of sight,
Ye day ourwent, and cummyn was ye nycht.
Amang Sothroune full besely he past, 460
On oythir syde his eyne he gan to cast,
Quhar lords lay, and had yair luyng maid,

Ze kings palzone quharon ye libards baid,
Spyand full fast, quhar awaill suld be,
And couth weyll luk and wynk, with ye ta c. 465
Sum scornyt hym, sum gleid carll cald hym yar,
Agrewit yai war for yair harrolds mysfayr.
Sum sperd at hym quhow fald off ye best.
For fourty pens, he said quhill yai may left.
Sum brak a pott, sum pyrlyt at hys e. 470
Wallace fled owt, and prewele leit yaim be.
On till hys oft agayne he past full rycht.
Hys men be yan had tane Tynto ye knycht,
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme gert bynd hym wondyr fast,
For he wyft weill he was with Wallace last. 475
Sum bad byrn hym, sum hyng hym in a cord,
Yai suowr yat he had dissawit yair lord.
Wallace be yis was entryt yaim amang,
Till hym he zeid, and wald nocht tary lang;
Syne he gert lous hym off yai bands new, 480
And said, he was bathe suffer, wyfs and trew.
To soup fone yai bownd but mar abaid,
He tald to yaim quhat market he had maid,
And how yat he ye Sothroune saw full weill,
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme displeffit was sum deill, 485
And said till hym, nucht Chyftanelik it was,
Throw wilfulnes, in sic perell to pass.
Wallace ansuerd, or we wyn Scotland fre,
Bathe ze and I in mor perell man be,
And mony oyir, ye quhilk full worthi is. 490
Now off a thing we do sum part amifs,
A litill slepe I wald fayne yat we had,

With

With zon men syne luk how we may us glaid.
Ye worthy Scotts tuk gud rest quhill ner day,
Yan rais yai up, till ray sone ordand yai, 495
Ye hill yai left, and till a playne is gayne,
Wallace hymself ye evangard he has tayne;
With hym was Boyd and Auchinlek but dreid,
With a thousand off worthi men in weid.
Als mony syne in ye mydwart put he, 500
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme he gert yair ledar be;
With hym Adam zong lerd off Ricardtoun,
And Summerweill a squier off renoune.
The thrid thousand in rerward he dycht,
Till Waltir gaiff off Newbyggyng ye knycht, 505
With hym Tynto yat douchty was in deid,
And Dawi son off Schyr Waltir to leid.
Behynd yaim ner ye fute men gert he be,
And bad yaim byd, quhill yai yair tyme mycht fe;
Ze want wappynys and harnes in yis tyde, 510
Ye fyrst cowntir ze may nocht weill abyde.
Wallace gart sone ye chyftannis till hym call,
Yis charg he gaiff, for chance yat mycht befall,
Till tak no heid to ger, nor off pylage,
For yai will fle as wod men in a rage; 515
Wyne fyrst ye men, ye gud syne ze may haiff,
Yan tak na tent off cowatyfs to craiff.
Throw cowatyfs sum los's gud and lyff,
I cummand yow forber sic in our stryff;
Luk yat yow saiff na lord, capteyne, or knycht, 520
For wyrchipe wyrk, and for our eldrs rycht.
God blyfs us, may we in sic wiage

Put yir fals folk out off our heretage.
Yan yai inclynd all with a gudly will,
Hys playne cummand yai hecht for to fullfill. 525
On ye gret oft yir partice fast can draw.
Cummand to yaim, out off ye south, yai saw
Thre hundreth men intill yair armour cler,
Ye gaynest way to yaim approchyt ner.
Wallace said sone, yai war na Inglismen, 530
For by yis oft yai zeits weyll yai ken.
Thom Halyday yai men he gydyt rycht,
Off Aunadardaill he had yaim led yat nycht;
Hys twa gud sonnes, Wallace and Rudyrfurd.
Wallace was blyth fra he had hard yair wound, 535
So was ye laiff off hys gud chewalry.
Jardin yar come intill yar company,
And Kyrkpatryk befor in Efsdaill was,
A weyng yai war in Wallace oft to pass.
Ye Inglis wach yat nycht had beyne on steir, 540
Drew to yair oft rycht as ye day can per.
Wallace knew weill, for he befor had seyne,
Ye kings palzone, quhar it was buskyt beyne.
Yan with rych hors ye Scotts befor yaim raid,
Ye fyrst counter sa gret abaysing maid, 545
Yat all ye oft was stonyft of yat fycht,
Full mony ane derfly to dede was dycht;
Feill off yaim was as yan out off aray,
Ye mar haifty and awfull was ye fray.
Ye noyis ruschit throcht straikis yat yai dang. 550
Ye rewmour rais so rudly yaim amang,
Yat all ye oft was yan in poynt to fle.

Ye wyfs lords, fra yai ye perell fe,
Ye fellounne fray all raffyt was about,
And how yar king stud in fa mekill dout, 555
Till hys palzone, how many thoufand focht,
Hym to refkew be ony way yai mocht.
Ye Erle of Kent yat nycht had walkand beyne,
With fyfe thoufand men in armour cleyne ;
About ye king full fodanly yai gang, 560
And traifts weyll ye failze was rycht strang.
All Wallace folk in ryfs off wer was gud,
Into ye ftour yan lychtyt quhar yai stud ;
Quhameuir yai hyt, na harnes mycht yaim ftint,
Fra yai on fute semblyt with fuerds dynt ; 565
Off manheid yai in harts cruell was,
Yai thocht to wyn, or neuir ynce to pafs ;
Feill Inglifmen befor ye king yai flew.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme come with hys power new,
Amang ye oft, with ye midwart he raid, 570
Gret martyrdome on Sothroune men yai maid.
Ye rerward yan fet on fa hardely,
With Newbyggyn, and all ye chewalry ;
Palzone rapys yai cuttyt into fowndyr,
Borne to ye ground, and mony fwourn owndir. 575
Ye fute men come, ye quhilk I fpak off ayr,
On frayit folk fet ftrakis fad and fayr ;
Yocht yai befor wantyt baith horfs and ger,
Anewch yai gat, quhat yai wald weill to wer.
Ye Scotts power yan all togyddir war, 580
Ye kings palzone brymly doun yai bar.
Ye Erle of Kent, with a gud ar in hand,

Into

Into ye stour full stoutly couth he stand
Befor ye king, makand full gret debait,
Quha best did yan, he had ye heast stait. 585
Ye fellounne stour so stalwart was and strang,
Yarto contened marwalusly and lang.
Wallace hym saw, full sadly couth persew,
And at a straik ye cheiff Chyfteyne he slew.
Ye Sothroune fled fast, and durst nocht byde, 590
Horffit yair king and off ye feild couth ryde,
Agaynis hys will, for he was laith to fle,
Into yat tyme he thocht not for to de ;
Off hys best men four thousand yar was dede,
Or he couth fynd to fle and leiff yat stede ; 595
Twenty thousand with hym fled in a stail.
Ye Scotts gat horsis, and folowit yat battail,
Throuch Cultir-hope ; or tyme yai wan ye hycht
Feill Sothroune folk was marryt in yair mycht,
Slayne be ye gait as yair king fled away. 600
Bath fair and brycht, and rycht cler was ye day,
Ye sone ryffyn, schynand our hill and dail ;
Yan Wallace kest quhat was hys gretteft wail.
Ye fleand folk, yat off ye feild fyrst past,
Into yair king agayne releiffit fast. 605
Fra ayir fyde so mony semblit yar,
Yat Wallace wald lat folow yaim na mar ;
Befor he raid, gart hys folk turn agayne,
Off Inglisimen sewyn thousand yar was slayne.
Yan Wallace ost agayne to Beggar raid, 610
Quhar Inglisimen gret purwiance had maid.
Ye jowalre, as it was yiddir led,

Palzons and all yai leiffit quhan yai fled.

Ye Scotts gat gold, gud ger, and oyir wage,

Relewyt yai war, at partit yat pilage.

615

To meit yai went, with mirthis and plesance,

Yai sparyt nocht King Edwards purweance.

With solace syne a litill sleyp yai ta,

A prewat wach he gart amang yai ga.

Twa kuks fell, yair lyffs for to faiff,

620

With dede corffys yat lay unputt in graiff;

Quhen yai saw weill ye Scotts war at rest,

Out off ye feild to steill yaim thocht it best;

Full law yai crap, quhill yai war out off sycht.

Eftre ye oft syne ran in all yair mycht.

625

Quhen yat ye Scotts had slepyt bot a quhill,

Yan raifs yai up for Wallace dredyt gyll;

He said to yaim, ye Sothroune may perfew

Agayne to us, for yai ar folks enew;

Quhar Inglifmen prowifionne maks in wer,

630

It is full hard to do yaim mekill der;

On yis playne feild we will yaim nocht abyde,

To sum gud strenth my purpose is to ryde.

Ye purwiance, yat left was in yat stede,

To Rops Bog he gert ferwands it lede,

635

With ordinance at Sothroune broucht it yar,

He with ye oft to Dawis schaw can far,

And yar ramaynede a gret space off ye day.

Off Inglifmen zeit sumthing will I say.

As King Edward through Cultir Hoppis focht,

640

Quhen he perfawit ye Scotts folowed nocht,

In Jhonys Greyne he gert ye oft ly still;

Feill

Feill fleand folk affemblyt sone hym till.

Quhen yai war met, ye king ner worth is mad,

For hys der kyn yat he yar lossyt had ; 645

Hys twa eymes into ye feild was slayne,

Hys secund son yat mekill was off mayne.

Hys broyir Hew was kelyt yar full cald,

Ye Erle of Kent, yat cruell Baroune bald,

With gret worfchipe tuk ded befor ye king, 650

For hym he mournyt, als lang as he mycht ryng.

At yis semblay as yai in forow stand,

Ye twa kukis come soon in at hys hand,

And tald to hym how yai eschapyt war,

Ye Scotts all as swyne lyes drunkyn yar, 655

Off our wycht wyne ze gert us yidder led,

Full weyll we may be wengyt off yair ded ;

Upon our lywis, it is suth yat we tell,

Raturne agayne, ze fall fynd yaim yowrsell.

He blamyt yaim, and said, na witt it was, 660

Yat he agayne for sic a taill sud pass ;

Yair Cheyftane is rycht marwelus in wer,

Fra sic perell he can full weyll yaim ber ;

To sek hym mar as now I will nocht ryde,

Our meit is lost, yarfor we may nocht byde. 665

Ye hardy Duk off Longcastell and Lord,

Sowerane, he said, till our counsaill accord ;

Giff yis be trew, ze haiff ye mar awaill,

We may yaim wyn, and mak bot lycht trawaill ;

War zone folk dede, quha may agayne us stand, 670

Yan neid we nocht for meit to leiff ye land.

Ye king ansuerd, I will nocht rid agayne,

As at yis tyme my purpofs is in playne.
Ye Duk said, giff ye contrar mycht be,
To mowff zow mor it affers nocht for me, 675
Commaund power agayne with me to wend,
And I off yis fall se a finaill end.
Ten thousand haill he chargyt for to ryde.
Her in yis strenth all nycht I fall yow byde,
We may get meitt off bestiall in yis land, 680
Gud drynk as now we can nocht bryng to hand.
Off Westmorland ye lord had met hym yar,
On with ye Duk he graithit hym to fair;
At ye fyrst straik with yaim he had nocht beyne,
With hym he led a thousand weill beseyne. 685
A Pykart Lord was with a thousand bowne,
Off King Edward he kept Calyfs toune.
Yis twelff thousand on to ye feild can fair,
Ye twa captaynis sone met yaim at Beggair,
With ye haill stuff off Roxburch and Berwike, 690
Schyr Rawff Gray saw at yai war Sotheroune lyke,
Out off ye south approchyt to yair sycht,
He knew full weill with yaim it was nocht rycht.
Amer Wallange with hys power come als,
King Edwards man a tyrand knycht and fals. 695
Quhen yai war mett yai fand nocht ells yar,
Bot dede corffs and yai war spulvriet bar;
Yan marueld yai qahar at ye Scotts fuld be,
Off yaim about perance yai couth not se;
Bot spyis yaim tald, yat come with Schyr Amer; 700
In Dawis Schaw yai saw yaim mak repair.
Ye fers Sothroune sone passyt to yat place;

Upon

Ye wach was war, and tald to Wallace;

He warnyst ye oft out off yat toune to ryde,

In Joppis Bog he purpost for to byde.

705

A litill schaw upon ye ta fyde was,

Yat men on fute mycht off ye Bog out pass.

Yar horfs yai lost into yat litill hauld.

On fute yai thocht ye mofs yat yai suld hauld.

Ye Inglis oft had weill yair passage seyne,

710

And folowed fast with cruel men and keyne;

Yai tæwit yat Bog mycht mak yaim litill waill,

Growyn owr with reys, and all ye sward was haill.

On yaim to ryd yai ordand in gret ire,

Off ye formeft a thousand in ye myre,

715

Off horfs with men, was plungyt in ye depe.

Ye Scottsmen tuk off yair cummyng gud kepe,

Upon yaim set with straikis sad and far,

Zeid nane away off all yat entryt yar;

Lycht men on fute upon yaim derfly dang,

720

Feill undyr horfs was smoryt in yat thrang,

Stampyt in mofs, and with rud horfs ourgayne.

Ye worthi Scotts ye dry land yan has tayne,

Apon ye laiff fechtand full wondyr fast,

And mony groyme yai maid full far agast.

725

Yan Inglismen, yat besy was in wer,

Affailzeit far yaim fra ye mofs to ber,

On ayir fyd; bot yan it was no but,

Ye strenth yai hald rycht awfully on fut,

Till men and horfs gaiff mony greuous wound,

730

Feyll to ye dede yai strekit in yat stound.

Ye Pykart Lord affailzeit scharply yar,

Upon

Upon ye Grayme, with straikis sad and far.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme, with a stiff suerd of steill,
Hys brycht byrneis he persyt euir ilk deill, 735
Throch all ye stuff, and stekit hym in yat sted,
Yus off hys dynt ye bald Pykart is ded.
Ye Inglis oft tuk playne purpofs to fle,
In yar turnyng ye Scotts gart mony de.
Wallace wald fayne at ye Wallang haiff beyne, 740
Off Westmorland ye Lord was yaim betweyne,
Wallace on hym he fet ane awfull dynt,
Throch basnet stuff, yat na steill mycht it stynt,
Derfly to dede he left hym in yat place,
Ye fals knycht yus eschapyt throuch yis cace. 745
And Robert Boyd has with a captayne mett
Off Berwik, yan a sad straik on hym sett
Awkwart ye crag, and kerwit ye pissane,
Throuch all hys weid, in sondyr straik ye bane.
Feill horffyt men fled fast and durst nocht byde, 750
Raboytyt ewill on to yar king yat tyde.
Ye Duk hym tald off all yair jornay haill,
Hys hert for ire bolnyt for byttir baill;
Haill he hecht he suld neuir London se,
On Wallace deid quhar he rewengyt be, 755
Or losf hys men agayne as he did ayr;
Yus socht he south with gret sorow and cayr;
At ye Birkhill a litill tary maid,
Syne throuch ye land but rest our Sulway raid.
Ye Scotts oft a nycht ramanyt still, 760
Apon ye morn yai spoilziet, with gud will,
Ye dede corffis, syne couth to Braidwode fayr,

At a cunsaill thre dayis soiornyt yar;
At forest kyrk a metyng ordand he,
Yai chefd Wallace Scotts wardand to be, 763
Traistand he fuld yair paynfull sorow cefs.
He resawyt all yat wald cum till hys pefs.
Schyrr Wilzham come yat Lord off Douglas was,
Forfuk Edward, at Wallace pefs can as;
In yair thrillage he wald na langar be, 770
Trewbut befor till Ingland payit he;
In contrar Scotts with yaim he neuir raid,
For bettir cher Wallace yarfor hym maid.
Yus tretyt he, and cheryft wondyr fayr,
Trew Scotts men yat fewte maid hym yar, 775
And gaiff gretly feill guds at he wan,
He warndit nocht till na gud Scottsman.
Quha wald rebell, and gang contrar ye rycht,
He punyft far, war he squier or knyght.
Yus marwalussy gud Wallace tuk on hand; 780
Lykly he was, rycht fayr and weill farrand,
Manly and stout, and yarto rycht liberall,
Plesand and wyfs in all gud gouernall.
To fla, forfuth, Sothroune he sparyt nocht;
Till Scotts men full gret profit he wrocht. 785
Into ye south sone eftir passit he,
As hym thocht best he rewlyt yat cuntre.
Schirrais he maid yat cruell was to ken,
And Captayne als off wifs trew Scotts men.
Fra Gamlis Peth ye land obeyt hym haill, 790
To Ur wattir, bath strenth, forest and daill,
Agaynys hym in Galloway-houfe was nayne,

Except

Except Wigtoune, byggyt off lyme and stayne;

Yat Captayne hard ye reullis off Wallace,

Away be fey, he staw, out off yat place, 795

Lewyt all waist, and couth in Ingland wend;

Bot Wallace sone a kepar till it send,

A gud squier and to nayme he was cald,

Adam Gordon, as ye storie me tald.

A strenth yar was on ye wattir of Cre, 800

Within a rock, rycht stalwart wrocht off tre;

A gait befor, mycht no man to it wyn

But ye consent off yaim yat duelt within;

On ye bak fyd a rock and wattir was,

A strait entre forfuth it was to pass. 805

To wesy it Wallace hymselff sone went,

Fra he it saw, he kest in hys entent;

To wyn yat hault he has chosyne a gait,

Yat yai within fuld mak litill debait.

Hys power haill he gert byd out off fycht, 810

Bot thre with hym quhill tyme yat it was nycht;

Yan tuk he twa, quhen yat ye nycht was dym,

Stewyn off Irland, and Kerle yat couth clyme,

Ye wattir under, and clame ye rock so strang,

Yus entrit yai ye Sothroune men amang. 815

Ye wach befor tuk na tent to yat fyd.

Yir thre in feir sone to ye port yai glyd.

Gud Wallace yan straik ye portar hymselff,

Dede our ye rock into ye dyk he fell,

Leit doune ye brig, and blew hys horn on hycht. 820

Ye buschment brak, and come in all yair mycht,

At yair awne will sone entryt in yat place,

Till

Till Inglismen yai did full litill grace ;
Sexty yai flew, in yat hald was no ma,
Bot ane auld preist, and sempill wemen twa. 825
Gret purweance was in yat rock to spend.
Wallace baid still quhill it was at ane end,
Brak doune ye strenth, bath bryg, and bulwark all,
Out owr ye rock yai gart ye temyr fall,
Undid ye gait, and wald na langar byde, 830
In Carrik syne yai bownyt yaim to ryde,
Haistyt yaim nocht, bot sobyrly couth fayr
Till Townrbery ; yat Captayne was off Ayr
With Lord Perfyne, to tak hys cunsaill haill.
Syne fyrd ye zett na succour mycht awaill ; 835
A preist yar was, and gentill wemen within,
Quhilk for ye fyr maid hiddewis noyis and din,
Mercy, yai cryit, for hym yat deit on tre.
Wallace gert slaik ye fyr, and leit yaim be ;
To mak defens na ma was lewynt yar, 840
He yaim cummand out off ye land to far,
Spulzeit ye place, and spilt all yat yai mocht,
Apon ye morn in Cumno some yai socht ;
To Laynryk syne, and sett a tyme off Ayr,
Myfdours feill he gert be punyft yar. 845
To gud trew men he gaiff full mekill wage,
Hys broyir sone put to hys heretage.
To ye blak crag in Cumno past agayne,
Hys houshald set with men off mekill mayne.
Thre monethis yar he duellyt in gud rest, 850
Suttell Sothroune fand weill it was ye best,
Trewis to tak, for till encheu a chans,

To furyir yis yai fend for Knycht Wallans;
Bothwell yat tratour kepyt still,
And Ayr all haill was at ye Persyes will, 855
Ye Byschope Beik in Glaskow duellyt yar,
Throch gret supple off ye Captayne off Ayr.
Erle off Stamffurd, was Chanllar off Ingland,
With Schyr Amar yis trawaill tuk on hand,
To procur pefs be ony maner off cace; 860
A saiff condyt yai purchest off Wallace.
In Ruglen kyrk ye traist yan haiff yai set,
A promes maid to meit Wallace but let.
Ye day off yis approchyt wondyr fast,
Ye gret Chanllar and Amar yidder past; 865
Syne Wallace come, and hys men weill beseyne,
With hym fyfty arayit all in greyne;
Ilk ane off yaim a bow and arrowis bar,
And lang fuerds, ye quhilk full scharply schar.
Into ye kyrk he gert a preyst rewefs, 870
With hymyll mynd, rycht mekly, hard a mefs;
Syne up he raifs and till an alter went,
And hys gud men full cruell off entent.
In ir he grew ye traitour quhen he saw;
Ye Inglisfen off hys face stud gret aw. 875
Witt rewlyt hym, yat he did no owtrage.
Ye Erle beheld fast till hys hie curage,
Forthocht sum part yat he come to yat place,
Gretlye abaysit for ye vult off hys face.
Schyr Amer said, yis spech yow must begyne, 880
He will nocht bow to na part off yi kyne,
Sufferyt ze ar, I trow ze may spek weill,

For

For all Ingland he will nocht brek a deill
Hys faiff cundyt, or quhar he makis a band,
Ye Chanllar yan approfferit hym hys hand. 883
Wallace stud still and couth na hands ta,
Frendschipe to yaim na liknes wald he ma.
Schyr Amar said, Wallace, ze undirstand,
Yis is a Lord, and Chanllar off Ingland,
To salufs hym ze may be propyr skill. 890
With schort awifs he maid ansuer hym till,
Sic salufyng joyfs till Inglifmen,
Sa fall he haiff, quhar cuir I may hym ken
At my power, to God I mak a wow,
Out off Souerance giff I had hym now ; 895
Bot for yi lyff, and all hys land so braid,
I will nocht brek yis promefs yat is maid :
I had buir at my awne will haiff ze,
Without condyt, yat mycht wrokyne be
Off yi fals deid, yow dois in yis regioun, 900
Yan off pur gold a kings ransoune ;
Bot for my band as now I will lat be.
Chanllar schaw furth quhat ze desyr off me.
Ye Chanllar said, ye maist caufs off yis thing,
To procur pefs I am fend fra our King, 905
With ye gret feill, and woice off hys parliament,
Quhat I bynd her our barnage fall consent.
Wallace ansuerd, our litill mynds we haiff,
Syne off our ryght ze occupy ye laiff,
Quyrt cleyme our land and we fall nocht deny. 910
Ye Chanllar said, off na sic chargs haiff I ;
We will gyff gold, or our purposis fuld fail.

Yan Wallace said, in waist is yat trawaill,
 Be fauour gold we ask nayne off your kyn,
 In wer off yow we tak yat we may wyn. 915
 Abaiffid he was to mak ansuer agayne.
 Wallace said, schyr, we jangill nocht in wayne,
 My cunsaill gyffs, I will na fabill mak,
 As for a zer, a finaill pefs to tak;
 Not for myselff, yat I bynd to your seill, 920
 I can nocht trew yat euir ze will be leill,
 Bot for pur folk gretlye has beyne suppressyt,
 I will tak pefs, till further we be awisyt.
 Yan band yai yus, yar suld be no debait,
 Castell and toune suld stand in yat ilk stat, 925
 Fra yat day furth, quhill a zer war at end;
 Sellyt yis pefs, and tuk yair leyff to wend.
 Wallace fra ynce passit into ye west,
 Maid playne repair quhar so hym lykit best;
 Zet far he dred or yai suld hym dissaiff. 930
 Yis Endentour to Schyr Ranald he gaiff,
 Hys der uncle, quhar it mycht kepyt be,
 In Cumno syne till hys duellyng went he.

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